Lincoln. f. 107.

THE

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"Porro si sapientia Deus est,..... verus philosophus est amator Dei."—St. Augustine.

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JANUARY, 1865.

Art. I. — THE ORDER OF SAINT PAUL THE APOSTLE; AND THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

1. *Questions of the Soul.* By I. T. Hecker. 5th edit. 1864.
2. *Aspirations of Nature.* By I. T. Hecker. 3d edit. 1859.
3. *Riflessioni sopra il Presente e l' Avvenire del Cattolicismo negli Stati Uniti d' America.* By I. T. Hecker. Two articles from the "Civiltà Cattolica." Rome. 1857.
4. *Sermons by the Paulists.* 3 vols. 1861–1863.

The Roman Catholic Order of St. Paul the Apostle was founded in 1858 by a small band of priests, under the lead of the man whose name is appended to the publications named above. He is a man in middle life, an American, born in New York. At the age of twenty-four, he passed a summer at the Brook Farm Association in West Roxbury, Massachusetts, and subsequently was connected, how closely we do not know, with the "Consociate Family," a somewhat similar establishment, at Fruitlands, a locality in Worcester County, Massachusetts. In his book entitled "Questions of the Soul," he gives a brief account of both these institutions from the point of his later experience and conviction. In 1845, Mr. Hecker was received into the Roman Catholic Church, and, purposing to enter the Congregation of the Redemptorists, went to Europe, made his novitiate at St. Trond in Belgium, and was admitted to the Order in 1847. Two years later, he was ordained priest by Cardinal Wiseman, in London, and devoted two years to missionary work in England. At the expiration of this term of service he returned to New York, accompanied by several

members of his Order, and was for seven years engaged in missionary duty in different parts of the United States. These labors were brought to a close by a visit to Rome in 1857, undertaken, we believe, for the purpose of obtaining the Papal release from his Order, whose austere regulations were somewhat more than distasteful to him, and whose mediæval type of Catholicism seemed to him out of date in this generation, and ill-suited to the genius and the needs of the American people. The Pope granted him the release he asked for, and gave him permission besides to institute a new missionary Order under the name of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle. He returned to America with his commission, entered with zeal and resolution on the work laid out before him, collected money, and built the first religious house of his Fraternity on West Fifty-ninth Street in the city of New York. In this noble edifice, whose western windows command a superb view of the Hudson, the founder of the Order of Paulists lives with his little band of companions, cultivating within themselves the spiritual life, devoted to pastoral offices among the people, and strengthening their Order and the Church by all means in their power. A large chapel in the building is filled every Sunday with worshippers; a broad, open platform stands at one end, from which the earnest fathers deliver, without notes, such sermons as are printed in the volumes above named; at one side is the confessional, where the penitents kneel for absolution, as in the European churches. A large, pleasant room, called the Library, is well supplied with books, old and new, in every department of philosophy, theology, and science. The upper rooms are used as dormitories and studies; cells they certainly are not. On the lower floor is the refectory; below are the offices. From time to time, the priests go forth in companies of two or three on missionary excursions; and the fame of their frank, manly, stout preaching never fails to get abroad beyond the immediate vicinity of their labors. They are sturdy preachers, who feel that they have a living word, and are associated for the promotion of a living cause. The cause is the conversion of Americans to the Roman Catholic Church; the word is, that the Catholic Church is the Church best adapted to the needs,

felt or unfelt, to the fundamental ideas, principles, institutions, genius, of the American people. Is this cause a living cause? Is this word a living word?

The Paulists, if we understand them, admit that it is vain to think of bringing the people of the United States into the Church of the Middle Age; but it is not vain, they contend, to entertain the idea of bringing them into the Church of the nineteenth century. They cannot be dragged back into the Church, but the Church may be brought forward to them; nay, the Church must be brought forward to them if it is to embrace them. It must show itself their friend by meeting them on their own ground, by taking up the thoughts that lie open in their minds, by responding to their aspirations, by sympathizing with their cravings, by answering the questions they raise, falling in with the purposes they cherish, and furthering the ends they have at heart. Taking you on your own terms, they say to our people, We will prove that you are logically bound to be Catholics; we will show you that your fundamental positions commit you to this Church; it offers you the one form of religion you have a right to accept, and it furnishes for your social institutions the only basis on which they can rest securely.

Our readers will naturally ask what concessions the new Order is willing to make for the sake of accommodating itself to our people. The interval looks wide between the fifteenth century and the nineteenth; and, as the nineteenth is not expected to go back, and the fifteenth professes a readiness to come forward, some very important things must needs be dropped by the way. What are these things? The opposition, as we are accustomed to think, is extreme between Boston and Rome; between American individualism and Catholic absolutism; between American liberty and Catholic centralization; between American naturalism and Catholic supernaturalism. One side or the other must lay down its arms before there can be peace. As America is not required to lay its arms down, what arms will Rome lay down? Does the new Church concede anything in the department of ecclesiastical authority? Does it yield, for example, the infallibility of the Pope? No. "The man that occupies St. Peter's chair as the

successor of St. Peter, as the head of Christ's Church, and his representative on earth, his voice is Christ's voice." He receives his commission in Christ's own words, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church." "He that heareth you heareth me." "Behold, I am with you always, even to the consummation of the world." (!)

Does it yield the point of priestly absolution? No. "The penitent sees the consecrated hands lifted up to heaven, and hears the words, 'Absolvo te,' which, by a divine efficacy, free him from the bonds and miseries of sin, renew the image of God in his soul, and fill his heart with such peace and joy that even nature, as if participating in his happiness, smiles and seems clothed again in primal innocence."

Does it yield anything as regards the divine institution of the Church of Rome? No. "The Church is the body of Christ, the organ of divine light and life to men, a visible organic body instituted by Christ to teach those divine truths, and convey to men that divine life, which moved him to come down from heaven, and unite his Godhead to our manhood in one personality in the flesh."

Is Transubstantiation yielded? No. "In Holy Communion is received God entire,—the body and blood, the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ." "The priest pronounces the sacred words of consecration over the elements of bread and wine, and their substance is changed into the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, wherewith is his soul and divinity." "O, wonderful mystery! God dwells in the hearts of his creatures corporally!" This is mediæval, and it is justified by the mediæval proof-texts.

But perhaps the new Catholic Church makes concessions in regard to the Christian life. Here, after all, is the more vital, because the more practical, issue between the fifteenth and the nineteenth century. We find no such concessions. The new Church is ascetic. It eulogizes St. Francis of Assisi, and commends "the faithful who have practised the most sublime and heroic poverty, this being one of the three vows of all religious, both men and women." It unreservedly praises Cajetan for establishing an order of men who construed literally the analogy of Jesus, and trusted in Providence, like the

birds of the air, not being even allowed to beg, but depending entirely on the voluntary contributions of the faithful, and that from day to day. There is nothing particularly suited to Americans in a state like that.

The new Church lauds virginity as a state to be welcomed by young men and maidens who earnestly desire to be holy both in body and spirit. It "gives the timid maiden boldness to pretend to have God alone for her spouse," and speaks indignantly of the Christian ministers who are sunk so deep in the flesh that they have no esteem for the virtues which even the heathens admired.

Father Hecker attaches full credence to the tales of miracle said to have been wrought by the hermits who peopled the deserts, and to "the charming anecdotes of the reverend and familiar understanding that existed between nature and the saints of this Order, which was effected by their great simplicity, humility, and love of poverty." To quote from his pages would be to quote from the Franciscan chronicles and the legends of the Order of St. Dominic. Strange reading for Americans of the nineteenth century!

Does the new Church make concessions in doctrine? We find none. We find the old mediæval dogmas represented in their most repulsive aspect. We have seldom read anything more horrible than the description of the agony of Christ in the garden. Nor is this all. So far from modifying in the least the Catholic credence, Mr. Hecker indulges himself in the most outrageous misrepresentations of the Protestant creed, and tries to win American Protestants to his broad communion by caricaturing their dearest opinions, and insulting their most revered names. We have marked more passages than can be quoted, but we must give a few specimens of the overtures which this Neo-Catholicism makes to Protestant Americans.

"To be a Christian, according to this Gospel [the Gospel of Luther], one has to cease to be a rational creature, and become a ninny."

"Deny to man free will, and you lower him down to the beasts which perish, and make a total wreck of the noble structure of his being."

After ingenuously quoting Feuerbach's "Essence of Chris-

tianity" as the work of a "German Protestant" Father Hecker persuasively says: —

"The best representation of the Protestant Church in the nineteenth century, which we can imagine, is a cold-water-cure establishment with a tavern attached."

"Any one who knows how members are received among the Protestant sects, knows full well what indifference is shown to enlightening the reason in regard to the great truths of the Christian revelation. For the most part, little or no pains are taken to discover what the candidates believe, or on what grounds their belief rests."

"Protestantism makes it her boast and glory to have disenthralled man from *all authority* in religion, except his own *private judgment*."

"Christ condemns Protestantism, because it fails to represent him as the unerring and divine Teacher and Saviour of mankind."

"To man's prayer for a guide, Protestantism answers, like a stepmother, Be your own guide."

"The first step to be taken in order to be a Protestant is to believe one's sins are pardoned without any rational basis for it."

"Protestantism, at the dying hour, draws the curtain round the bed of death, and leaves the soul alone in the dark, to struggle with its deathless foes as best it may."

"What has Protestantism to say to this most prominent virtue of Christianity, self-denial? It is silent, or if it speaks, it is in the language and tone of contempt."

"The religion of the nineteenth century teaches us to obey our instincts, to seek pleasure, to act out and gratify ourselves."

So much of opinions: now of men: —

"How many crimes would have been unknown in society, if such men as Goethe, Schiller, Rousseau, Byron, Shelley, Bulwer, had sought relief for their consciences in the divine sacrament of penance, instead of flooding society with the details of their secret vices and miseries."

"To the many-sided Goethe, with his broad and deep experience, life is a round of sensual pleasures and defeated aims, and the idea of a deeper purpose is tossed off with a cup of wine and a hurrah!"

"Thomas Carlyle has gazed so long on a sham hero, that at length he has finished by giving life to one in his own person."

Emerson gives counsel to men, which, "if man were a bee, a cat, or a pig, would answer quite well." Margaret Fuller's aim in life was one that might be equally well realized by a

melon, a pumpkin, or a squash. Is this argument? Is it persuasion? Does the new Catholic Church really think that Americans will be converted by abuse and slang? Are we to be blackguarded into believing? The great mass of Protestants in America, who are orthodox in their creed, and evangelical in their faith, will not be disposed to listen kindly to a man who holds them accountable for the opinions of Socialists, Transcendentalists, and avowed Atheists. And these latter will simply think more harshly of the Church which not only caricatures them, but assumes them to be grossly and absurdly ignorant of their own beliefs.

It must be pretty clear by this time, that the Catholic Church does not mean to make advances toward the American people. The fifteenth century remains where it was. But what, then, is to be done? By the terms of the compact, the American people were not to be asked to go backward. They were to stay where they were, and to be taken on their own ground. It is not easy to see then, as the matter stands, how the two are to be brought together. We open the sermons to discover the secret, if it may be there; but there it is not. The sermons have about them a certain freshness, vividness, and point; but this is mainly to be seen in the phraseology, which is simple, frank, loose, natural, running into frequent colloquialism, and sinking sometimes to the level of slang, in such expressions as this: "A *hickory* Protestant is as poor a thing as a *hickory* Catholic." There is some honest dealing with vital matters, some earnest rebuke of prevalent vices, some manly speech against private and social sins; — not so much as Protestant sermons contain, nor so well put; but more than we are in the habit of associating with the sermons of Churchmen. They are less dull than the average, for while some of them are unreadable, others read and re-read themselves. But the doctrine is hard, literal, and fantastical; the thought is usually commonplace, the illustrations are ordinary, the reasoning is for the most part deplorable, the exhortation is turgid. The pages are loaded with passages from Scripture, quoted in high disregard of Biblical learning, and interpreted in sublime defiance of Biblical exegesis. The lives of the saints are freely alluded to as authoritative standards

of the Christian character, and the grotesque miracles therein recorded are innocently detailed as facts of authentic history. "The Saint of Our Day" is illustrated by the character of "St. Joseph," the father of Jesus, which would seem to be about equivalent to saying that the "Saint of Our Day" is an unknown quantity. At the outset, it is admitted that every age must have its own type of the saint; and all goes very smoothly as long as the saints of past ages are in question, but when the time comes for indicating the typical saints of this generation, constructed, of course, on mediæval principles, the preacher adroitly selects a personage whom nobody is acquainted with. The old saintship is out of date. The mould is broken. But it is all the Church has.

We come back to the question, How do these new missionaries expect to recommend their Church to the American people? We shall see, perhaps, from the two articles taken from the *Civiltà Cattolica*. These papers were written for the express purpose of proving that the Catholic Church has a great opportunity and a noble future before it in the United States, and of pointing out the conditions which are favorable to its spread and establishment there. They state the whole case for the new missionaries.

The first paper aims to show that the state of religion in America favors the increase of Catholicism, and indeed makes its triumph all but certain. It sketches roughly but effectively the religious history of New England, and especially of Massachusetts, for the past twenty years. Unitarianism, the writer says, expressed the dissatisfaction of cultivated and spiritual men with Orthodoxy, but failed to meet the deep religious wants of human nature, and remained at last the doctrinal peculiarity of the few who were contented with Deism. The weakness and disintegration of the orthodox faith betrayed themselves in Edward Beecher's "Conflict of Ages," and in Catherine Beecher's "Common Sense applied to the Gospel." Even in the Episcopal Church, the spirit of unrest found voice in the "Memorial" addressed by some of the most eminent ministers of that Church to the Council which met in New York in 1853, in which memorial it was clearly intimated that the Protestant Episcopal Church was not doing

its whole duty in diffusing the Gospel among all sorts and conditions of men; that its ministers were lacking in zeal; that its liturgy was too fixed and monotonous; that it did not sufficiently consider the necessities of the poor, nor promote an interest in religious associations and orders. From the sect of the Baptists comes a cry that the Church is decaying through the want of ministers; that the Christian and the unchristian can scarcely be distinguished from one another by their general behavior; that it is deemed almost an insult to ask a man of the world to join the Church and confess himself a convert; that in twenty or thirty years, if the present state of things continues, the candlestick will be removed from its place; that the Church has all but lost its hold on the affections of the people; that for sermons the congregations have general abstract discussions, which nothing short of a miracle would make available for regenerating a single soul; that, in short, things must take a turn, or Christianity will prove a failure. Methodism alone seems to be alive and earnest, with its Bible Societies, Tract Societies, and enormous expenditure of money; but Methodism will prove the most useful instrument in the hands of the Church when animated by the true faith, as it easily may be, and placed under the pure influence of the Divine grace.

The practical earnestness of the American people, meantime, and especially of the highest order of them, the longing for social fraternity, the yearning after simpler and more natural human relations, the aspiration after a nobler civilization, the desire to realize the dream of the Messianic kingdom on the earth by practising literally on the principles of Jesus, broke out in various forms of Socialism. The experiment at Brook Farm was made sincerely, bravely, heroically, with pure devotion and sacrifice, by men and women who represented the finest culture and the profoundest faith. The experiment at Fruitlands illustrated an intention worthy of the Gospel. But both these undertakings failed: the inaugurators of them went back to the world, and engaged in worldly occupations; their enterprise left no trace on American society. There was, therefore, no satisfaction for the deep and enthusiastic passion for an organized Christian association,

which has always from the days of the Apostles burned so ardently in the breast of Christian men and women of every profession, which has taken visible shape of some kind in every earnest period of modern history, which has survived all discouragement and failure, and will undoubtedly survive this last one. The Catholic Church has met this want, and it is the only Church that has, it is the only Church that can; and when society has done its best to live without her, society will return to her once more, to find in her communion rest for its unrest, in her religious associations ample room for the indulgence of fraternal sympathies. America is full of discontent and aspiration, of unbelief and longing. It is divided, and it prays to be joined; it is disintegrated, and it sighs for unity; it has lost its credence, because its credence was hard and saddening; but it will not let go its faith. The Catholic Church has only to recognize these palpable signs of the times, and its victory is sure.

This is the argument. Will it hold? The facts that Mr. Hecker cites are indisputable; he might have stated them much more forcibly, and still kept himself within the limits of sober truth. The process of disintegration is going forward with immense rapidity throughout Protestant Christendom. Organizations are splitting asunder, institutions are falling into decay, customs are becoming uncustomary, usages are perishing from neglect, sacraments are deserted by the multitude, creeds are decomposing under the action of liberal studies and independent thought. A tendency to individualism was folded up in the early Protestant movement, and that tendency has gone on towards its ultimate expression in Transcendentalism. All this is plain, too plain for evidence. The process has gone so far, that one of our own most advanced and most resolute thinkers, a leader whom only the boldest followed in his assault on tradition and formalism, has lately surprised his friends by sounding the retreat and calling the fresh recruits back into the old, battered intrenchments, to make themselves safe there as well as they can.

But it will be hard strengthening a stockade with the ashes of burnt fascines, and defending it by the shades of slain pickets. We are under the law of movement towards pure

individualism, and they will simply be marched over who stand in the way. Naturalism is pushing Protestantism to its results. But does the Roman Catholic Church stand outside the line of the sweeping tornado and quite undisturbed by it? Is it not in the world? Are not its members men and women? Are its brain and heart composed of other stuff than that which makes up ordinary human nature? Does it not think and feel and live? What then, we may ask, is the meaning of Mr. Hecker's new Church? What is the significance of his dissent from mediæval Catholicism? Where is the point of his demand that the Church shall meet the Americans on their own ground? The very terms in which he couches his appeal to the nineteenth century carry in them a confession that the Church feels the action of the ages, and must move with them or die.

His appeal is addressed to human nature, and to human nature under this very law of individualism. Take the titles of his two books, — "Questions of the Soul," "Aspirations of Nature"; they deliberately declare that Nature must take the initiative, — that her needs are to be satisfied, her cravings met, her questions answered. Turn over the leaves of his books: on every page you find admissions of the singular religious enthusiasm of the time. The whole argument is that Protestantism does not satisfy the cravings of the generation, does not give scope to the affections, does not concede its rights to reason, does not allow free play to the will, does not show tenderness enough to the delicate sensibilities of the heart. A more sentimental volume than the "Questions of the Soul," we never read. If it had been written for romantic school-girls, at the susceptible age of sweet sixteen, it could not have conceded more to the soft languors of the natural heart than it does. The lines of transcendental poets trickle lusciously through the dewy chapters, and gentle breezes of invitation woo the languishing mind towards a religion that will gratify the delicate aspiration of the immature soul. A veil of gauze is spread over the dogmas to conceal their harder features and make their forms alluring. The Church presents herself to the fancy, not to the reason, and slips away into the region of sentimentalism the instant knowledge comes

into view. When addressing Transcendentalists, the Church is as transcendental as they are; it clothes their ideas in its own phraseology, professes to cherish the same hopes and aspirations, and would lead them to think that the only differences between them were differences in name. It puts on the air of a man of the world, talks cavalierly about opinions and men, and claims to be on the side of liberty against authority, of spirituality against formalism. A conversation with one of these new missionaries is a very hearty sort of entertainment to the natural mind. You will hear Christ spoken of as your brother; immortality as the unfolding of the spiritual man, which is all lying germ-like within our bodies; the act of confession as a brave face-to-face interview between a man and his conscience. The Order of Paulists take it on themselves to bring America into the Church; they seem to us in a fair way to bring the Church into America. In their attempt to meet the World Spirit with his own weapons, the poisoned rapier may change hands, and they be the first victims.

But even were there no danger of this, were the tendencies towards naturalism confined within the limits of Protestantism, and were Protestants alone the victims of all this unrest, it by no means follows that any considerable number of them will join the Catholic communion, either from conviction or from feeling. The unrest does not seem to point that way, and for the plain reason that it can find rest the other way. In the earlier stage of the New England ferment, which Mr. Hecker describes, when the process of breaking up was going forward everywhere, and no points of organized thought or action appeared, conversions to the Catholic Church were frequent. We hear of them occasionally now in quarters where the turbulence of thought and feeling has lately arisen, or has not subsided. But the violent agitations of the transition period have passed by, and the road from the old system to the new has been rendered smooth and even by the tread of many confident feet. People are accustomed to a state of considerable mental uncertainty, and no longer feel distracted or forsaken in it, as they once did when it was the state of a few; they have besides a promise of ultimate repose, if they go on, which their predecessors had not. There are quiet little stopping-

places by the way. There is plenty of good companionship. The dangerous passages of the road are marked and measured. The paths have all been carefully surveyed, and those who have gone on before send back cheering tidings of the pleasant abodes they have found at the end of their long and adventurous route.

Transcendentalism, or spiritual Christianity, is no longer the peculiarity of a small intellectual class, who have as much as they can do to maintain themselves against the ridicule of a great public. It is a definite system of philosophical faith, firmly planted on immovable foundations, carefully constructed in its details, popularly expounded, heartily welcomed, and earnestly professed by multitudes of men and women. It has churches and preachers, and is fast making a sacred literature. It has succeeded to a very remarkable extent in recommending its interpretations of the ancient symbols and dogmas. It has a theology, a christology, a consistent account of the Bible and the Church; it gives its definition of inspiration, revelation, and Divine influence. They who accept it are among the calmest, quietest, serenest, and happiest of people. They enjoy as much peace of mind and of heart as the Catholics do, and they enjoy it on more rational grounds, and with a surer confidence. For they fear nothing from science; they welcome knowledge; criticism, and especially criticism of the Scriptures, is all on their side; the movement of things is in their direction; they have a sweet and altogether childlike faith in the spiritual laws. They can afford to tell the truth without equivocation. They can afford to be generous to their opponents. They take no great pains to make proselytes, for the ripe fruit drops into their hands as fast as they can catch it. Unrest will not drive these people into the Catholic Church, and as the majority must pass into the Church through them, if they go thither at all, the accessions to it are not likely to be very numerous. So much for the speculative disquiet and despair from which Mr. Hecker hopes so much.

In regard to the social dissatisfaction, the case, we fancy, stands about the same. Socialism has tried its experiments nobly, and has failed. The earnestness that gave the soul to

their enterprises may or may not have declined with the ill-success of their particular schemes. Grant that it has not; grant that it is still as deep and intense and hopeful as ever; grant that the aspirations after a better social state burn as brightly as they ever did, — and for our part we firmly believe that they do, — what then? Is there no refuge but the Church for these practical enthusiasts? Must they, will they, fall back on the "Orders," the "Associations," the "Fraternities," which were in vogue three or four hundred years ago? Is there no modern supply for this ancient but ever new demand? Why, of course there is. Social science is born, and though it is in its infancy as yet, it has gathered around it a large and most zealous body of disciples, among whom may be numbered some of the most sanguine prophets of the new kingdom of heaven. Bastiat stands out manfully against Fourier, and advances principles which, if allowed full course among mankind, will bring about naturally a state of things as good as Fourier longed for, for the relief of suffering, the abolition of poverty, the eradication of vice, the diminution of crime, the strengthening of order, the adjustment of each part of the social system to all the other parts, the reconciliation of classes hitherto deemed hostile, the equal distribution of toil and profit, the harmonious combination of the several interests to which men are committed, the establishment of friendly relations between the laborer and the capitalist, and the creation of good feeling between the great and the small, the high and the low, the wise and the simple; practical recognition of the doctrine of mutual needs and of mutual service, complete development of the working force in society, consequent amelioration of the social condition in all its departments, improvement in modes of life, increase of physical happiness, extension and deepening of sympathy; in a word, liberty, equality, fraternity, are all promised by the new science, which is a vast amplification of the science of political economy, and a practical executor of the Apocalyptic dreams. To us the Catholic "Communion" so graciously offered by the new missionaries to the Americans hungering for better social relations, is poor, restricted, formal, artificial, and mechanical as compared with the system of vital, moral law

which one may enter without leaving the world, and may remain in without departing a hair's breadth from the century. The devotees of this new science are devotees indeed, and after a very noble and enthusiastic sort. They have found their Church, their brotherhood, their communion, and in it they have all the rest and joy the Catholic has in his religious order. We believe it will take no longer to bring Americans into this kind of association, than it would to bring them into the Church; and as to the work to be done in either case, there is no comparison of the one with the other. People must be dragged into the Church; they fall into the social organization.

One more thought in connection with this possibility of return to the old Church of these restless and unsatisfied ones. If anything is clear, it is that the movement of the American people is towards greater intellectuality. However much they may speculate, doubt, disbelieve, they think, and they show a disposition to think harder all the time. They will have their questions fairly answered, and will accept no solution of their doubts but knowledge. Let us understand things, is the cry. They go to science, to history, to criticism; they study natural laws; they try Mesmerism, and "Spiritualism"; they work the understanding and the reason. The sentimental nature is, for the time, and will be for a long time, sternly in abeyance. Symbolism is not in vogue. Americans are in search of a philosophy, rather than of a faith. Now this is precisely what the Catholic Church never gave, and never professed to give. It is a symbolical Church, whose office is, as it always was, to represent truths in the shape of visible emblems, in such a way that they may be apprehended by unintelligent and undeveloped minds. It was instituted for humanity in its childhood. Its function is not to instruct the mind, but to impress the imagination through the senses. Teaching has constituted a very small part of its mission and of its work. Instead of communicating a lesson, it sets up a sign. A crucifix represents the doctrine of sacrifice; an image of the Virgin stands for the Divine tenderness; it brings home the holy Omnipresence by setting up a box and hiding a priest inside of it; it strings its prayers on a cord, and bids

poor people count them off by beads. To put a bit of bread into the worshipper's mouth is its method of making him sensible of an imparted influence from the celestial world. It leaves no sense unaddressed. The eye is enchanted by lovely forms, the ear is solicited by delicious sounds, the touch is brought into immediate contact with heavenly realities, the nostrils are doors for sweet perfumes which intoxicate the brain. The very first movement towards an intellectual appreciation of spiritual ideas is a step away from the Catholic Church. Luther took this first step; Emerson takes the last thus far; they who succeed him will march towards a more complete, comprehensive, and exhaustive statement of the problems of the universe, as science or philosophy shall make it. There, if anywhere, the coming generation will find its rest, not in the region of sentimental faith, not in the house of imagery, but in the green pastures of knowledge and in the temples of wisdom. Even though the truths reached or reverted to be the same essentially with the truths which the Church represents through her symbolism, they will be not symbolically apprehended, but intellectually comprehended by the enlightened of the coming age. They will be received as a system of the universe on grounds of reason, not as a revealed theology on the grounds of faith, and they who receive it thus will put away the Church of Rome, as the man "puts away childish things."

In his second paper from the *Civiltà Cattolica*, Mr. Hecker draws an argument for the future of the Church from the singular correspondence that exists between American institutions and the ideas on which they rest, and the doctrines of the Church of which he is a representative. Here are his positions: — 1. That Catholic doctrines are more in accord with American institutions than Protestant doctrines are. 2. That political experience in America has abundantly established the truth of this position, and has actually generated a disposition to return to the Catholic Church, on the part of the more thoughtful, enlightened, and consistent of the advocates of a democratic government.

That the Catholic dogma is more congenial with democratic

institutions than the Protestant dogma, is a fact too clear to be disputed; and if this consideration were of any vital moment, we might leave the case here on the threshold. The principle that lies at the foundation of democratic institutions is *man's capability for self-government.* This principle implies the essential rectitude of human nature, in all its spheres of faculty. It implies that man is possessed of reason and of free will; that he knows what is wise, just, orderly, beneficial; that he is at liberty to elect it, and that he has power to enact it. It implies that his natural ideas of what is right, equitable, and obligatory are correct, or may be made so by suitable study, care, and attention. All this the Catholic theology asserts; all this the Protestant theology denies. The Catholic dogma maintains that human nature preserved its essential goodness after the fall of Adam. The Protestant dogma contends that human nature, in consequence of the fall of Adam, became totally depraved. The Catholic dogma accommodates itself to human reason, assuming its capacity to receive truths presented to it; the Protestant dogma almost vilifies reason in its jealousy for faith, and allows it no power of judgment in matters of moral truth. The Catholic dogma acknowledges man's moral freedom; the Protestant dogma affirms predestination. The Catholic ought, therefore, to be a democrat; the Protestant ought to be a monarchist. Neither can logically be anything else.

This logical necessity is confirmed by other peculiarities of the two systems. The Protestant Church makes a radical distinction between different orders of mankind, by classifying them as regenerate and unregenerate, elect and non-elect, children of God and children of the world. It divides by palpable barriers the sheep from the goats. The church-member is a person set apart from the general congregation, as an object of peculiar consideration in the sight of God and men, — a sacred person, specially illuminated, guided, upheld by the Holy Spirit. Here, it would seem, is the basis, something more than speculative, — a basis actually laid in institutions, — for the most absolute of all governments, a theocracy, — a government of priests ruling in the name of God, — a spiritual oligarchy. The Catholic Church, on the contrary, puts all

mankind in the bosom of the Church on an equality. Her sacraments and symbols are for all on the same terms; the same articles of faith satisfy the wise and the simple. All social distinctions disappear at the foot of her altar. Her priesthood is not a caste; no one of the faithful is disqualified by his obscurity for the office of Supreme Pontiff. Side by side, the rich and the poor, the noble and the plebeian, the lord and the serf, bend in worship, and kneel on the pavement to receive the consecrated elements. Church and congregation are one. To be a Christian is to be a Catholic, and to be a Catholic is to be one of the "elect." If all were Catholics, all would be Christians, and consequently all would be priests and sons of God.

Here, it would seem, is a basis — a very practical basis, too — for the most popular form of government, the government that assumes the equality of mankind, the democratic. If communities of men were only logical! if people would only take pains to square their practical with their speculative beliefs! if states would just look to it that their living genius was conformed to their inherited dogma! But, alas! they do not, and they will not. The contradiction between creed and life which preachers are always harping on, deploring, objurgating, endeavoring vainly to annul, history delights in parading on a grand scale. No nation of modern times exhibits a logical accord between its creed and its life, for either the creed is an inherited tradition and the life an original creation, or the life is an inherited tradition and the creed an original creation. The genesis of the two is not contemporaneous, nor do the two births spring from the same stock.

The institutions, laws, civil and social arrangements, forms of government and administration, in the nations of modern Europe, were determined by a thousand causes, — material, organic, ethnic, historical, — which were wholly independent of speculative opinions in philosophy and faith; and such opinions as they have were conveyed to them, for the most part, from regions lying outside of themselves, — from other climates and spheres, — and were attached to them by statecraft or priestcraft. Thought and life lack thus organic connection. The thought belongs to one age, the life to another. The dis-

cord is not felt, because the necessity of the concord is not felt. A nation will exist hundreds of years with its soul in the Eastern hemisphere and its body in the Western, with its "faith" in Jerusalem and its knowledge in London, with its speculative reason in Asia Minor and its practical understanding in the United States, with its fancy in the Middle Age and its fact in the present generation, and not feel disturbed by it. No doubt, where the nation's being is vigorous, the effort is ceaseless and persistent, though unconscious, to establish an equilibrium between its life and its thought; but in all such cases the life takes the initiative, and the vital energies of the people absorb understanding, reason, hope, imagination, more and more, and so reconstruct its views, and insensibly substitute new modes of speculative thinking for old ones. But the new modes of thinking are not a "scheme," a "system," a "theology." The creed is unwritten, unspoken, unrecognized as a creed.

The people of America are rapidly discarding their traditional theologies, Lutheranism, Calvinism, Socinianism, as systems hang very loosely on them; but they show no symptoms of accepting any other *system* in their place. They simply throw off what incumbers their intellectual movements, and are content to wear any rag of spiritualism, naturalism, materialism, that they find will cover their nakedness and make them look decent as they speed on their way. The genius of a nation justifies itself. No people is uneasy because it has not a speculative legitimation of its active being. No community waits for a philosopher or a theologian to come along and furnish a paper certifying that it has a perfect logical right to go on and work out its own industrial, civil, and social problems, according to the faculty that is in it. No tribe of men frets, even for a moment, because it has not a perfectly satisfactory theory of the universe authenticating its historical altitude and giving it a rational title to exist. Fancy the American people stopping short in their career of self-government, and saying within themselves, — We have no right to do this any longer, because we are Protestants — and "orthodox" Protestants too; we believe in total depravity, election, and the Divine decrees; we deny the freedom

of the will; we distrust the natural reason of mankind; we ought to be monarchists; we should by good rights reinstate the Hebrew *régime*, or restore the social system of ancient Egypt; we must either get a new credence to suit our institutions, or get new institutions to suit our credence. To go on in this way any longer is sheer absurdity. No people who have the least regard for logical consistency will do it.—Fancy the American people asking permission of the Catholic Church to deal with human nature as if it were not corrupt, and to exercise reason and free will in the administration of affairs! Fancy the American people asking the Pope's leave to be good democrats in the future, as they have been heretofore quite inconsistent and foolish democrats! Fancy the American people, driven by an agitated conscience, returning to the Pope of Rome, because he tells them they may believe in the substantial rectitude of human nature, may put confidence in their natural faculties when aided by Divine grace, may exercise their natural reason, and may even feel assured that their free will is not utterly gone! We rather think the American people will take all these things for granted. But if they felt inclined to ask leave of anybody, we are very sure the Pope of Rome would be the last person in all the realm of Christ or Antichrist they would ask leave of.

And for this sufficiently obvious reason, that the Catholic Church, notwithstanding the democratic spirit of its doctrines, and the human import of its symbols, has always been associated with aristocratic governments, to an extent that has identified it in the common mind with oligarchies, monarchies, despotisms. This may be very strange, very inconsistent, very illogical, but it is very true. Italy is Catholic, and most Catholic where most monarchical. France is Catholic, and there Catholicism and imperialism mutually support each other; the French people are democratic and rationalistic, the court is despotic and Papal,—Papal because despotic. Spain is a synonyme for Catholicity and for tyranny, in fast league together. So is Austria, where Pope and Kaiser never quarrel, but live together as sworn allies, Pope abetting Kaiser in all his nefarious schemes against popular institutions, and Kaiser abetting Pope in all his devices to put down rationalism in religion.

"It cannot be denied," says Ernest Renan, "that Ultramontane Catholicism does seriously embarrass civil society. The state is obliged to make perpetual concessions to her. These concessions always abridge the public liberty. The Catholic party has already half a century of history; it has always been talking of liberty; has this grand word regulated its conduct? The Austrian *Concordat*, and that of the Grand Duchy of Baden, were both its work; are they liberal achievements? It applauded Belgium's revolt against Holland, it approved the separation of Ireland; what has it to say about the revolt of the Romagna? It justly abhors terrorism, but apologizes for Pius V. and for the Order of Saint Dominic; it rouses itself against tyranny, but does it audibly blame the Church for making alliance with every despotism that has served its turn, from Philip of Spain down to this or that nameless President of an American republic? The grandeur of the Papacy consists precisely in the fact that it is outside of nationality and above it. It exacts consequently the sacrifice of the nationality whose soil it occupies. It is no superficial prejudice that in certain countries sets the words 'Catholic' and 'Patriot' in opposition, and makes them the symbols of conflicting parties." The same author in another place says: "History supplies numerous examples of this flat contradiction between the doctrines of a party and the secret tendencies which the party represents. In the dispute of the Jesuits with the Jansenists, the Jesuits maintained a doctrine more consonant with reason, and more favorable to liberty, than their adversaries; and yet Jansenism was essentially a liberal movement, round which the most sincere and enlightened men might, we conceive, have rallied."

For the rationale of this association of Rome with despotism, we must be content to refer our readers to M. Renan's masterly essay on "The Future of Religion in Modern Society." There they will see exposed the fatal logic whose law the history of modern Europe has obeyed. For the explanation of the other fact, equally remarkable, that Protestantism, even in its extreme form of Calvinism, has always been allied with liberty and human rights, we are content to refer now to

Buckle's "History of Civilization."* The republics of Switzerland have always been Protestant. The republic of Holland is Protestant. England, the bulwark of Protestantism in Europe, has in its form of government a republican element which is far stronger than the element of aristocracy there. The Independents were Calvinists almost to a man. Calvinists in Scotland made the first open demonstrations against the arrogant claims of Charles Stuart. New England was born of Calvinism, and retains its temper to this day. When its children leave Calvinism they adopt Unitarianism, Universalism, Transcendentalism, — rationalism under one form or another, — and are more democratic than ever.

Of course: there is no mystery in it. Protestantism means individualism, which means liberty; Romanism means centralization, which means authority. There is the whole story, and the last chapter of it will be exactly like the first. One of Mr. Hecker's own arguments in favor of the fitness of Catholicism for our people is, that it will not disturb the system of slavery, which Protestantism assails, to the infinite peril of the Union. The American people, he asserts, love union more than anything else, and the Church will help them to maintain it, because the Church disturbs no existing political order, and keeps her hands clean of political matters. Her priests confine themselves to their religious duties; they take no part in civil affairs; they are quiet and orderly citizens under every *régime*. Hardly good democrats then, we should say.

It is not worth while to follow Mr. Hecker in his attempt to show that in America Catholicism and Protestantism have exchanged the parts they have always played on the field of history. Events have exposed the error of his interpretation of the political movements in this country to which he alludes. That Catholicism has ever been identified with genuine democratic principles here, however intimately it may have been associated with the democratic name,—that Protestantism has ever deliberately and from conviction played into the hands of the aristocratic principle,—few will believe. There was a time

* Vol. I. pp. 610 – 614.

when, in a momentary crossing and mingling of the religious and political streams, the Catholics appeared as the champions of individual liberty and personal rights, and the Protestants seemed to be on the side of the narrow, exclusive, oppressive "Native American" policy. But this was an accident, as was evident from its unproductiveness. The immense influx of the Irish population, their speedy appropriation and illegal naturalizing by the aristocratic party which bore the democratic name, because they were *not* democrats, and used it as a lure to these poor fugitives from an oppressive monarchical government, excited the reasonable apprehensions of the sincere republicans, who foresaw danger to republican institutions in this wholesale admission of ignorant foreigners to the rights of citizenship, in the bribery that was connected with it, the corruption of the ballot which resulted from it, and the consequent monopoly of power over the masses by a few unprincipled demagogues. It happened that the immigrants were nearly all Catholics. So far as this fact had any connection with their political attitude in this country, it would go to corroborate the evidence of history, that Catholicism is naturally on the side of despotism; for these ignorant people eagerly cast their votes in favor of the party which represented the slave power, the only aristocratic party in America, the party which is now anxious to make a league with Jefferson Davis, and assist him in establishing monarchical institutions on this continent. Evangelical Protestantism, always ready to undertake a crusade against Rome, took advantage of the political situation for sectarian purposes, and so it came about that Catholicism and "Democracy" on one side stood for individual liberty and the sacredness of the person, against Protestantism and Native-Americanism, which represented illiberality, exclusiveness, limitation of suffrage, arbitrary distinctions between man and man, on the other. The juxtaposition was startling and comical; it occasioned some rubbing of the eyes, and no little shaking of the head. A few people, disgusted with Protestant spite, began to think that Catholicism was not quite so bad as they had supposed. A few others, disgusted with "Know Nothing" indecencies, began to think that republicanism was not quite so good as they had supposed. But

neither Catholicism nor anti-republicanism gained much by the accident. Both the political and the sectarian movement were soon forgotten, and affairs in both departments took their natural course. Protestantism became once more synonymous with individual liberty, education, enlightenment, progress. Catholicism became synonymous with general authority, acquiescence in the reigning order, unquestioning obedience to the will of the Southern oligarchy, and resistance to the largest ideas of social advancement. It is now pretty well understood that the "Democrats" in America are the very people who do not believe in the capacity of the masses for self-government; the very people who laud the democratic idea, and vote for the autocratic candidate. As the Catholics are "Democrats" almost to a man, the position of the Church in America is very well defined.

Mr. Hecker's assertion, that "the most intellectually gifted and independent minds of the age cast off Protestantism and embrace Catholicity," is but one of a multitude of equally rash assertions scattered at random over his pages. His instances are not greatly demonstrative of his position: in Germany, Haller, Phillips, Hurter; in England, Newman, Allies, Wilberforce; in America, Brownson, Haldeman, Anderson. Is Mr. Hecker so sure of his names that he does not think it worth his while to mention them? Is he playing with his evidence? We think his case calls for more seriousness. No doubt, the Catholic Church makes gains in America,—large gains. No doubt, brilliant, cultivated, elegant, and even intellectual people do and will leave Protestantism for her communion. The old Church will not die so long as men and women demand visible authority in religion, palpable creeds, tangible sentiments, an audible Holy Ghost, or an edible Grace. For many a generation to come, society and human nature will furnish material for her large membership. Spanish and Portuguese America will naturally be Roman Catholic. The French populations of Canada seem to belong to the Papal system. The Southern and Southwestern States and Territories of the Union offered a fair field to the Catholic missionaries, especially during the old *régime* of slavery, which favored the kind of social stability in which Rome delights. A people

luxurious, unenterprising, fond of traditions, fond of display, made sensuous by temperament, climate, institutions, aristocratic in social forms, ecclesiastical in religious preferences, would become an easy prey to the Church that fell in most entirely with its proclivities. But with the destruction of slavery, the overthrow of aristocratic institutions, the introduction of republican ideas and customs, the diffusion of education, the general gain of individual liberty, the substitution of manly independence and free labor for the system of caste, we shall expect to see Catholicism retire from its old haunts. As Maryland becomes a Free State in fact as well as in law, the spirit of individualism, the Protestant spirit, will come in; the cities and towns will change their character in all respects, and even Catholic Baltimore, become converted to the gospel of liberty, may cease to be Catholic. According to the last census, there are now in all the United States, California and New Mexico included, something more than three millions of Catholics, most of whom are of Southern or else of Celtic race; — three millions who, according to Mr. Hecker, in spite of a thousand disadvantages, "remain more attached to their holy faith than to all else besides." If they do, they differ remarkably therein from the Catholics of the last generation. For, unless the figures falsify worse than facts, there ought to be in the United States at least double this number from immigration, territorial accession, and natural increase alone, making no account of gains by conversion. The conversions, therefore, are mostly the other way. The pioneers in the new country travel far from the limits of the Church, mentally and spiritually as well as corporeally. The explorers in the fields of science and industry travel further still. The influence of Catholicism depends very greatly on the presence of its establishment, and that is too cumbrous to go in a saddle-bag. It is not a portable, but a stationary religion. It likes the city better than the prairie, and must resign itself to the loss of its children when they go beyond the sight of its churches. In a few spots it may anticipate them, but not everywhere. The outlying territories to be added yet to the United States are not in Southern latitudes, as Texas and California were; nor are their inhabitants limp and facile people, the miserable

remnants of the civilizations of the Old World. They are for the most part lands open to fresh cultivation, and to none but hardy Northern influences. Protestantism, under one or another of its forms, must be the religion there, as certainly as the Northern spirit will be the soul of their civil institutions. Nature has missionaries who travel faster than the brothers of the Order of St. Paul. They are industry, enterprise, intelligence, knowledge, the awakened capacities of man.

Art. II. — THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

An Address delivered (in part) before the Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers, May 25, *and before the Western Conference, at Meadville, Penn., June* 30, 1864. By Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, D. D.

This will be known as the age of *secession*, a word of old English authority, for which we go to Bishop Hall for a definition, to which recent events give new meaning.

But perhaps we have not thought how far political secession comes of theological schism. Rightly the reformer arraigns the church as determining the state; for our humanity is born of our divinity, and misconception of the Maker ends in maltreatment of mankind. Nothing in our present premises is so important as religious unity. There is no meaner maxim than that *we must agree to differ*, as though dissension were our pre-ordained and final doom. An open vision of general truth is our destiny. Like our great Lieutenant, we must fight it out, on whatever line of controversy, into concord and peace. The soul in us is not satisfied till we see eye to eye. The mark of genius is its power to resolve contradictory opinions, and virtue or devotion is unwilling to rest in diversity. Let us declare a truce to barren dispute, but maintain all fruitful argument, believing in and striving for the union in which, sure as a divine reality exists, all debate must conclude. There can be no common action without spiritual consent. The atoms will form no compound till

their wonderful little hooks are joined together; the train will not move till the coupling be complete; society will not advance without a bond through all its members. Toiling at the forge of battle to weld together the fragments around us into a fresh civilization, let us try to see where the copula, which we seek for our outward salvation, runs in the region of faith.

Our first effort should be, of course, after a common idea of God. The English Quaker, William Allen, meeting, in Zante, a Russian of the Greek Church, found they both knew the force of but one word, meaning God, upon which they came into cordial embrace. Yet even about God how the denominations differ! The Unitarian thinks he has settled the question. But while God is on all hands confessedly somehow *one*, is he, as most of us appear to fancy, a numerical unit? He cannot possibly be so; for two, twenty, a million, are in him just as much; else those numbers were not at all. Let us not think we are so easily and clearly at the end of knowledge respecting him. We may think him one, yet think him small. The Hebrews thought him one, and what did they make him but a narrow and local god of their scanty tribes, leaving Greek, Roman, Barbarian, as orphans out in the cold Gentile court, where no father dwelt? We may be as rigid as Mahometans about God's singularity, and as bold as they in our prayers. So Theodore Parker ingenuously complains of a want, when he came forward, of piety in the rational school; though, without creative imagination adopting the intuitions that were not native to his soul, he brought no contribution for positive mending of this defect. The difficulty was in poverty of conception. God was assumed to be one simply because absolute, it being forgotten that he is relative too, our nearest relation, to whom we are related as to none beside.

But let not the Trinitarian suppose he has solved the problem. Doubtless, the Trinity began as an honest attempt to express God's relationship. But why limit him to three? *Three*, numerically considered as expressing God, is not a whit more, or nearer the truth, than *one*. It is astonishing through what a round of metaphysical ingenuities, natural symbols, and fanciful images, a supposed necessary *threeness* has

been pursued, till it has become like the puzzle of ivory pieces in a child's play. But there can be no limitation of divinity to three persons. Are not all personalities, in heaven, earth, or hell, his offspring? What, then, is the Trinity but a merely provisional and transitory notion? Can articulate personality be predicated of deity? God is not, as distinguished from others, *a* person at all. He is the unfathomable mystery of *person* itself, the deepest fact of life and human consciousness. He is of countless personalities parental, prolific root and whole. "O Thou greatest and best of beings," runs the sentence of the old petition which we have heard in a thousand pulpits from our boyhood up. But is he one being among many? Then he is limited by all the rest, as we are in a crowd, and his infinity is gone. Though we must contemplate him as an object, we misconceive and confine him till we feel ourselves part of what we contemplate. It is remarkable, accordingly, how Miss Cobbe, the English disciple of Mr. Parker, regarding Christianity as a vessel that must founder, and planting herself on *theism* as a substitute, attains to but a very partial and unsatisfactory apprehension of theism itself. She individualizes and isolates God, and falls infinitely farther short of the universal reality than some of the writers of the sacred books whose authority she discards.

Rare, indeed, is the coupling and combining genius which melts and atones opposing elements of belief into the crystal of a universal truth. Renan, the French biographer of Jesus, is broad in his scope, scholarly in his exploration, noble in his temper; but for this splendid resolution which we need of differences into one glorious analogy of faith, he puts hospitality to all sects and systems that lie as far apart as ever in his page; while he speculates with so subtile a tolerance on them all, we sometimes feel like those to whom Mephistopheles offered the various wines in Auerbach's cellar, saying in substance, with his genial smile round the table, Gentlemen, take which you please; or as the concert-goers, who, when the famous violinist drew the note so fine with his bow, at last found themselves listening to nothing. M. Renan is of a catholic, but not combining force. His charity is not reconciliation. He does not add synthesis to his analysis. He uses the

disjunctive, but understands not the copulative conjunction. He can say *this or that*, but not *this and that;* so he loses or slips from the higher combination, and misses verity by dropping veracity out of the portrait of the master whose separate features and circumstantial details he so marvellously paints. We have had dissectors and discriminators enough ; we wait for the uniter. *I know him all to pieces*, one said of his friend. *Why do you not say you know me altogether?* was the penetrating reply, of wisdom as well as wit. When shall we have this atoning intelligence of love ?

Some Unitarians and Trinitarians seem to find the copula we search for, in the dogma of the Incarnation. But what is the incarnation of God, but his manifestation in flesh and blood? How then is he incarnate? In one solitary bit of flesh and blood, which has thrown its shining shadow so far into all our minds? No flesh and blood ever held more of God. But did it hold all of him, or was it the only flesh and blood anywise holding him, of all that ever quivered and flowed? Let us not think so meanly of anybody's flesh and blood, or our own, when no one's can quite keep him out! Strange that the incarnation should have been perverted from a principle into a circumstance ! It is a fact of the universal order, let the degrees of it vary as they may. Wherever truth has shone, or purity lighted her lamp, or goodness kindled its flame, since the morning stars sang together, in this vase of clay there has been something of the incarnation of God. "I and my father are one," said Jesus ; and so it is declared Jesus was God. Yes, as the spirit of God shone through him without measure to make him the providential man of all history. But whoever the spirit of God shines through is as God, and reveals him to us. "Beware of man-worship," it was said to a certain ardent admirer. "I do not worship the man, but the God in him," was the instant and indignant reply. Let us, man and woman, worship him in one another, as the dying Bunsen said to his wife, "In thee I have loved the Eternal." Doubtless, of the Eternal he had seen in her more than in the earth or the sky. In my precious brother or sister I see more of him than in sea or sun, as I childishly saw him once in my father and mother. Nobody is all of God to

me; and however much Jesus may be more than anybody else, he is not all. Enoch walked with God, nothing betwixt; and religion is always disappearance of the boundary-line between human and divine consciousness. It is an exaggeration of Christ's personality to suppose this peculiar to him, or him the absolute author of it in any one, although some carry his virtue so far as to imagine he has made God himself good, and that there was no mercy before he came. Immanuel, God with us and in us, discovered or unknown, is the essence of every soul, as well as the influence of any historic personage. Jesus is son of God only, and eternally begotten. But has God only one son? The notion that from everlasting he has not other children, without number, is of theological absurdities the chief.

When we any of us blend nowhere with deity, when no ecstasy with its wonderful light in the face blends the child with his father, but the ring of self-consciousness runs on, closes round, and cuts us off separate from him, then our religion is gone. We are all by ourselves, and we are a very little thing. A string can be put round us to get our girth very quick. As the giant recovered his power when he touched the earth, the soul revives at the touch of its Author. Touch him let us believe that we may! There is a point where from him we cannot be discriminated or anywise set apart. I am particle of that sea, spray from that infinite deep, and inlet of that everlasting flood. I feel sure of myself as of my Maker. He must forsake himself before he can me or any of his works. Whoever is aware of this relationship with God is clothed from him with inexhaustible interest. The sense of it may come only in moments, and to different persons in diverse degrees; but, while it lasts, it is goodness and genius too. In it you have a charm incomprehensible. People do not get tired of your looks and manners, deeds and words. You bring the water into our eyes when you speak, we know not how, only that it is holy water. But, when you take leave of your Author and proceed by yourself, on your own account, men learn you out, finish and weary of you very soon; and pass on to some other specimen, hoping not to be disappointed again, as Diogenes with his lamp hunted the earth about after a man.

What the oneness is, in contact with which we thus come, we know not. We are doubtless connected with particular beings unseen, beside the One, as the stars exist in fellowships. But what cluster or constellation of spirits, offspring and part of the Infinite, so includes and affects us, we can only imperfectly tell. Therefore, though God is one, and no monotheism has represented how truly, God is many, and no polytheism has reckoned the length of his train. "When we speak of Him, we begin to err." Our first syllable does him injustice. We name him in our pronoun as masculine, but such he is not. To avoid a slight on womanhood some call him father and mother, but the phraseology has a sound of weakness and affectation, and does not take him in. What in exact terms is he? I cannot surmise. Words, says Goethe, in this matter are but sound and smoke, feeling is all; and our feeling is that no fence of number can enclose his nature so that he will not be beyond the fence more than within it. No net of dogma can catch him, no material symbolism of *allotropic* or other Trinity hold his elusive and uncomprehended substance. This illimitableness we, in our debates, may shadow forth in affirming that he is neither strictly one nor precisely three; but manifold, in the souls of his inspiration, in the annals which record all events, in the visible nature which is the type and cipher of the mind, and in the providence which arranges the unconcluded fortunes of all that lives. So let the unity which runs through all contradictions be faintly hinted at, for others to fashion better and fasten stronger, between the current dissimilar teachings concerning God.

But this copula is no less needful to be brought out as respects the *worship* of God. How men, in their systems and schools, part and quarrel about it, on the one side making it *formal*, on the other *spiritual!* We may make it too much of either. We need to find the reconciliation between spirit and form. But can worship be too spiritual? Does not Jesus say it must be in spirit? In opposing the notion that it could be accepted only from one spot of especial sanctity, Jerusalem or Gerizim, he certainly does. But he does not say it is to have no form. This would be a proposition of impossibility, and an insult to nature. He tells us to enter into our closet; he lifted up his

eyes to heaven, he fell on the ground in the garden, — as we close our eyes, raise our hands, bow our heads, or bend our knees; and what are all these things but forms? Wherefore do we use them? Not for any corresponding celestial position of the deity. We cannot get the meridian-line for an observation of him. He is neither up nor down, in or out, behind or before, on a throne more than in a hut. Heaven cannot hold him, or hell keep him out. He includes all, and is not included. Put into any terms of space or chronology, he is no longer God. There never was or will be more of him or his work than now. Creation out of nothing is not possible to him, any more than self-creation. All is forever that can be at all, and all is essentially himself. Nevertheless, we must outwardly and definitely, as well as inwardly, own him. *We* are so framed that signs assist our thoughts toward him. "Her very foot speaks," says Shakespeare: so our very body should pray. It will, in every nerve, when the soul kindles. If we break the vessels of form, we lose the spirit, as there were vials, we read, for the sweet odors and for the tears of the saints. Jesus uses wind and spirit indifferently, as though, at bottom, all substance were one. Milton doubts if God and light be not the same. But a falsely stated transcendentalism would abolish language as well as ordinance, and miss its own aim at the very object they too both seek. What is a word but a form more effectual than any rite of baptism or supper, even as Christ's word was more than his blood on the cross? All true Scriptures are as shining cups passed through every age and land. Shapes and essences cannot be divorced, and some regular form is indispensable to social worship.

But is this a plea for formalism? No, — the formal extravagances are worse than the most transcendent spiritualism. The Church has wellnigh perished of formality, like a warrior weighed to death by his defensive armor. The great peril of the day to real piety is the attempt at perpetual sanctification of outworn modes. The worst infidelity is fear that religion will perish if its accidental garb is changed or dropped. Rigidly imposed and invariable form is the coffin of the spirit, not its house, and an imagined everlasting sacredness in any mechanical or local custom, an offence alike to the unconfined

deity and the free mind of man. Let religion have her decent dress, but let it be the yielding garment of a living organism, not the wax-swathing of an Egyptian corpse. The *copula* is a flexible worship, with the most meaning in the least rote. Let our order be no dead timber, but the still growing tree! It should have novelty, surprise, and suitableness to the fresh wants of man, for whom, like the Sabbath, it was made, and not he for it. There is no danger at all that there will not be plenty of persons to stick to old habits, and Liliputian cords enough to keep religion from utter escape.

A binding ritual, forsooth! An external pattern of piety enjoined by divine authority! We might as well say, because Jesus went occasionally into the synagogue, he meant to perpetuate nothing but synagogues throughout the earth. A high ecclesiastic among us spoke of his church as "the temporary residence of Deity." Nay, the Deity will not reside in it more than out of it, everywhere beside! A single style of external adoration for him whose action is unbounded variety? No, but if possible a recognition of him as fresh and versatile as his goodness to us! One collect and unaltered phraseology for the ever-shifting circumstances of this myriad-sided human case? Not so, but spontaneous supply for each exigency that comes! It goes about as a sarcasm, that once, after an unfortunate drowning in a canal, no fitter petition could be discovered in the book than for a safe return from sea; and, although a venerable clergyman laughed because every society was getting to have its own hymn-book, is not even that better than putting ourselves into devotional uniform? How monstrous the attempt to tie up the heart's struggles, through unfolding character, advancing years, thrills of domestic joy and grief, agonies of a nation's trial, the whole march and prospect of mankind, to the endless mill-wheel revolution of a few concerted periods! It is not strange that a person, called to account for not going to church, replied, his reason was, that his religious feelings in what was called the sanctuary had been so much offended! The wind of devotion bloweth where it listeth, and it listeth to blow wider than the most stately chant or sonorous recitation. Over public calamity or private anguish, in the heady fight,

by the big trenches, we so faintly conceive, of the grave-yard on the field of battle, or at home for those there still exposed, under that spirit one of whose touches is patriotic zeal, requests should rise as gushing improvisations, the prayer that goes to God being the breath that has just come from him. What language can be devised sufficiently to shock this unchristian sameness, this *paper on the brain* of so much printed devotion? Can human nature delight in this monotonous flow of verbal adoration, or well proceed in this net of interminable repetition? No; different jets are put on the fountain, to vary beautifully its lustrous moulding in the air. No; insist that the lover shall read his vows out of a book, the child spell its affection from a page, the friend declare his gratitude by the card; but rule not the soul's emotions to God within an order that may be useful for guidance, but is choking as a bond. When our filial bosom swells with thanksgiving, aches with sorrow, smarts with remorse, or, in wistful transport, longs for communion with the unseen Source whence its being streams, let us adopt whatever words will bear the burden of our confession and desire, or, in the closet that has no light to read by, repeat for a litany God's own handwriting on the tables of our heart. Whatever routine may be fixed for bodily necessities or worldly affairs, be a fresh impulse and a severe sanctity the stamp on our prayers!

We go clothed into the air; and religion should not be left naked. But put not her substance into her dress, of Hebrew old clothes or a modern fashion. Let her, like a human face we sometimes see, drop everything of form or lineament save what serves for expression. Within the compass of a human countenance is room for what manifold significance, endless mobility of the same traits! Such let her aspect be. Let her not be part of our observance, but our whole observance one of her accents. Let us not overload her person with ornaments or her shrine with flowers, to make her like a silken and jewelled devotee of fashion, the vain profusion on whose hands and head enervates the atmosphere and taints her own breath. Let the Spirit of God, as a mighty wind, blow the superfluity away, to reveal the charm of a just proportion. When any form is full of feeling, it will vindicate itself. It

has been said more effect can be produced by a baptism than by a lecture, *with less fatigue*. But our service of act or speech is alike a failure unless we put into it our life, till in the Master's figure, not too strong for us, others in it eat our flesh and drink our blood. To throw ourselves on others' preparations in our great emergencies, leaning wholly on their books, and not at all on our own thoughts, by the sick-bed, over the coffin, and at the grave, with parrot-recitation instead of personal exhaustion, is confession of impertinence and inability. It is abdication of our duty. It is owning we cannot meet the occasion; we cannot interpret, except by hearsay, the feeling of the hour. Let us rather, like scribe and householder described by our Lord, join old with new in a living unity.

But this unity of the spirit is no less requisite in still another point, of God's *communication* to us. What disputes here again rage! Some say this communication is by letter alone, some by ecclesiastical authority, some by natural science, and every party makes exclusive claim. *A direct inspiration too* is the copula running through and binding all these together. On a slip of paper wrapping Channing's pen, sent after his death to the present writer as a keepsake, was this line: "Authority in anything when I see it to be true"; — and must we not see truth always in an inward light? When the French priests were charged with being ministers of a foreign power, the Abbé Lacordaire answered: "We are ministers of Him who is in no country a foreigner." But what aliens from Him we fancy ourselves! The last thing we realize is our divine childhood. If those who shout their prayers knew how near he is, they would not speak so loud. "Be consoled," says God, "thou couldst not seek me, hadst thou not found me." Evidences *a priori* or *a posteriori* all come afterwards, and are secondary to this experience. We never trouble ourselves to prove our author while the door he left in our heart is open. The yearning after God, indeed, like that after a human friend, is simply the effect of his being. When my longing, a swifter traveller than the absent one, goes out to him over wave and mountain, through distant battle-fields or dim porches of the grave, is it not itself what I got from him? So

our regard for God we get from God. He argues his own case in court; he teaches us at first hand; he only waits to be acknowledged. Kepler said God had waited six thousand years for an observer of his works; how long waits he at our door-posts for an observer of himself? "Are there any spirits present?" the patient circle asks. Yes, *the* Spirit is present, with the lesson we will take. Some one, not myself, is in me, shining as a light, speaking as a voice, passing through me like a wind. Who has not felt and started at this strange tonic and sudden whiff? It is not all within paper or leather covers. "The word of God is not bound." So reads the Scripture, and the word of God is not bound *up*, nor is everything itself that is under the lids. What a poor limitary thing that everlasting word would be, could it all be put into chapter and verse! That it cannot, declare not only astronomy, geology, botany, and every department of natural knowledge, but clergy and prelacy, Colenso, and many beside. The letter must yield to the spirit, or it would not only kill us, but suicidally die itself. Inspiration is not an everlasting trade-wind set in one quarter only, blowing due east always. It may be a westerly breeze. The spirit bloweth where it listeth. Besides, there must be something not only to inspire, but also to be inspired; and this cannot be a *word*, but a soul. The Bible alone does not suffice.

But shall science take its place? All honor to Science! open to her every avenue. Let not preachers suppose they can afford to pass by any of her discoveries. But what does she give us, after all? Illustrations, not the essence. Thanks to her for the splendid views in her huge stereoscope of the creation, but bless God, in the name of all his children, that, please and bless her votaries as she may, with new and special flashes of the nature which is his garment, no closer to himself can her curiosities bring us than does the familiar sight of his works. Glasses are sometimes furnished in galleries to inspect a picture. But the artist's genius is as well appreciated by the naked eye. Technical science stops short of the amazing reality which must convey itself to the soul, if at all, in a breath. The lamented Staples, when stricken down, writing to a friend to preach for him, said, "I want men in my pul-

pit who have felt the mystery of the creation." This goes deeper than science so called. Very fine and eloquent Science is in her speech; she tells us of the sustenance of the sun's heat by the rushing of meteors or asteroids, as so much fuel the stoker thrusts into his furnace. But if this mechanical feeding be the last secret of the sun, his warmest ray is wintry to me, and I shudder at him at midsummer. Science shows, in atoms, resistless might, as of "giants in disguise." But, lodged in senseless atoms, 'tis a comfortless strength. Science exults in analyzing all life down to certain little bubbles out of which every living frame is built up. But who blew the little bubbles? Who fashioned the hollow, invisible bricks of all vital architecture? When and how were they connected with sensation and soul, and for what end? Let the spirit answer for itself. Science, without viol or organ, draws forth notes of thrilling music through chance-pipes held over her cunning drafts. But what poor harmony to the mind, till, within or above the principles of resonance in solid bodies, stands self-shown the Musician that makes all nature his harp! When one of our spokesmen of science talks of the "thoughts of God," his European compeers denounce him as unscientific for linking together incompatible themes. In the premises the charge may be correct. Blessedly unscientific in their sense he is, because indebted for those thoughts less to his scientific understanding than to his soul. He mixes the wines of inspiration and logic. When a mineralogist told a preacher of jealousies respecting reputation and prior discovery among his companions, and even of immoral conduct and professing religion for popular effect, the preacher replied, "I had imagined these pursuits of yours exalted the character." "Not at all," was the reply; "that belongs to another department, which is yours." God is not found by our search, but in his finding of us. No intellectual process will bring us to him without the wings of his spirit and ours. He, whom we are conscious of but cannot comprehend, the *Unknowable*, as Mr. Spencer calls him, must, in all our motions and observations, furnish light, and take the first step.

Therefore the Bible stands impregnable, because in it he is so disclosed. Say what criticism will of the authorship of

Genesis, the mathematics of Exodus, the ceremonial of Deuteronomy, the character of David, the habits of Solomon, the date of Job, — descant as it may please on inhuman curses in the Psalms or unfulfilled manifestoes in the Prophets, — these old pages are of all literature, and spite of marked and glaring exceptions, the warmest yet with breathings of deity into the human breast. No modern treatise on chemistry, no essay of Tyndall on heat, of Huxley on organization, of Darwin on natural selection, or Agassiz on classification, can take the place of its sentences. Immortal owning and response have they through all the progress of human art and knowledge. The copula of a divine inspiration runs through them into our bosom. Science, in its specialties of investigation, as we have melancholy proof, instead of approaching, may stray from God. Mr. Parker, with his noble heart indeed believing what he believed at all, burning with adoration of God and expectation of a future lot for himself and the human creatures so dear to him, could not get over his astonishment and pain on learning that distinguished students in Europe, whom he had looked to as leaders of the race, on his better acquaintance turned out to be atheists. Busy in particular material interrogations, they had lost, or in their haste dropped by the way, the spiritual copula ; or, tired out in the grapple with particular baffling problems, they had not strength enough left to grasp, or interest to care for it.

There is a copula between nature and the supernatural, as much as of anything above with what is below. If *nature* be not all, with God and spirit merged in it, the *supernatural* must be. "Anti-supernaturalism" is out of place "in the pulpit" on the ground of any religion, to say nothing of Christianity ; and to define the Christian miracles as unnatural, or violations of nature, or as more wondrous in themselves than anything else, or wonderful at all to God, is the art of their enemies, not the wisdom of their friends.

But there are two other ideas or terms that require this uniting or reconciling word. Into whose ear, in these days, has not the din come of the contending cries of liberty and law ? But is it not a misconceived strife which makes liberty and law contrary ? Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is

liberty. Man's freedom, so far from being hindered by, consists in God's reign; and it is the crowning shame, or rather impudence, of the nineteenth century to undertake to pass itself off for the true divine government, because the provincial Jehovah of the Jews is understood to have cursed Canaan. So religion has been disgraced and the Bible dishonored and undermined by their own most ostentatious advocates. Slavery is not properly a law at all, but only abusive custom; and while we talk of it as justified by the theocratic constitution of Palestine, or the political constitution of America, it may be well to remember there is such a thing as the *human* constitution, action after which is human liberty. For what else do we wage a fearful war, but to vindicate this principle, essential to our nationality? As, for our heirs, we rebuild the Union, so nearly lost in the violation of its spirit and money-calculation of its value, let us spring its arch this time so true that no crack, stealing from line to line among its courses, tumble it to the ground!

We speak of the first pioneers in the wilderness of this continent; we are fresh pioneers in a savage moral waste. Like those who gashed the earth and shore away the wood before the Oriental monarchs, we are preparing the way of the Lord. It looks like a ruin we are making, but it is a road. Passing, ten years ago, through the tremendous gully of the Fenstermünz, among the mountains of Austria, I saw far off on the vast slope a host of men as though in a contest with each other, aimless or angry as a swarm of hornets or bees, prying up the rocks and rolling them down the steep, filling the air with noise and dust, and apparently doing a work of purely wilful destruction. But, gazing closer, I caught the faint line of a long bridge they were constructing for millions of travellers and teams of traffic from kingdom to kingdom for thousands of years. So, through the chaos of treason into which our first fabric was dissolving, by the edge of one terrible caldron, along the dizzy height of moral principles creatively applied to social affairs, our armies are making that path or order which reconciles liberty and law, and white-footed civilization and holy peace shall be the pilgrims to plant in it their silent, beautiful, and salvation-bringing steps. They who

object to the reconstruction, and would have "the Union as it was," would keep the rotten sleepers in a railway, or refuse to prop a settling roof!

Let us not doubt we shall overcome disunion with fellowship. Let us not be troubled at the dust and smoke, the noise of the warrior, or the piteous fragments he leaves strewn behind him in his way. Of their own precious bones our martyrs are making across anarchy a bridge. We look at the surgeon or Sanitary Commission as the only figure of mercy on the field. But the sword for the body politic is a surgical instrument too. We lament that the implements of husbandry are laid aside. But the cannon-wheels plough and the toothed and serried bayonets harrow the soil of the people's heart; and out of that well-proved ground of human nature, whose fertile strength daily events teach us more than ever to trust, what harvests shall grow! At the new-opening prospects of this nation, how does our heart at once, after going up in thanksgiving to God, go out in love and admiration to our kind! In transformed swamps of rock and mud and brambles, how luxuriant spring the corn and wheat! Alas for the human brambles, stony hearts, and pollution worse than any morass! But when they are cleared away, for the sour land of our national domain to be sweetened and cleansed, what will any shining tassels or bending heads of grain be to the sheaves of righteousness brought from where the drops now fall from our eyes and veins? It shall well propitiate the souls, sufferers no longer, when they look from their glory. Any justification of war, in Christian quarters, is thought sad and revolting. But we must put Christianity herself on a war footing, and into armor now. Weep at its horrors with a woman's sensibility as we may, though with some fire as well as water in our eyes when we consider the origin of our troubles, yet let us be consoled for the awful process with visions of the blessed result! Like the little boy who said, God bless our armies! and then cried as his sister smiled at his precocious enthusiasm, let us mingle courage with our pain. For where we sow, our posterity shall reap. It is distrust of God and deafness to his voice in all history, it is atheism and inhumanity, to doubt it. One who passed over the Virginia fields the day

after a battle found a wounded lad plucking violets. The nation, after this war no longer young, but venerable as if a thousand years old, though broken and bleeding, shall pluck violet and heart's-ease, rose and lily, all emblems of concord, from the scene of carnage; for the soul, that wondrous sojourner which deigns for a while to wear these dusty robes, outlives all that is woful in its earthly lot. One conviction at least out of the thunder-cloud flashes and spreads, — that of another life. Who can be a sceptic now? God will not leave the dead heroes in their ashes and gore. They who prolong their country's life shall themselves undoubtedly live forever.

But that the copula of liberty and law may be complete, let us, in this time of distraction, own and use every real cement of common love and the common weal. Certain people, a sort of odds and ends of the community, sign off and absolve themselves from social obligations. They slight and scorn church and state. They secede, though in a different way, as much as do armed rebels. They overlook the immense debt of the land to the ministry of religion, and disown the bond of obedience to civil statutes. They will think and behave as they please, heedless of custom or conventional propriety. But, passing by the injustice and ingratitude of such a course, mark its inconsistency. My fine come-outer, my brave transcendentalist and loud disowner of all authority beyond your own conceit, I observe you use the advantages of society and the municipal rule. I notice you avail yourself of the sidewalk, the Common, the Public Garden, the railroad, reservoir, gas-light, and market. I meet you taking or mailing your letters at the post-office. Have you provided all these conveniences for yourself? If not, see if you cannot amend your theory, and muster reason enough out of your broad contemplation here at home to imitate those who, on the islands of the deep or a foreign shore, feeling with us the ties of patriotism and worship, send of their money and the sinews of their heart to the support of our cause! It is an omen that our struggle will not only overthrow secession as a growth, but uproot it as a principle, felling the tree and removing the stump. Withdraw and set up for himself who will, cheering tokens in plenty we have of increasing fellowship.

But our topic leads us beyond the strife of the hour, into eternal contemplations of God's design in his children's destiny. How needful some reconciling here, too, betwixt opposing creeds! The article held on the one hand is the resurrection of the body; on the other, the immortality of the soul. But if by the former be meant the restoration of the outworn organic matter, which is ever rushing into fresh combination, it would be a trivial doctrine were it not an affront to the thoughtful mind; and if the latter signify only the survival of some general principle of life, how poor, unsatisfying sort of continuance for us or for those gone from us or ready to go! The link of the two views, or rather their reduction into one, that should unite the holders of either or both, — what is it but the exact Christian teaching of the resurrection or reappearing, not of the *body*, but of the *dead*, each in the condition of personal identity, relationship to others, and situation in the universe that God's justice and goodness may appoint? But we must resent the exaggerations of the popular creed. On grounds of reason and Scriptural interpretation let us protest against the supposed state, for any, of hopeless torment. In the English Church is great rejoicing that, in the late battle with free opinion, the dogma of endless punishment has been rescued and authoritatively reasserted, as though only on the piles and pillars of the infernal regions an earthly ecclesiastical establishment could be built! A strange subject of congratulation, indeed, that Satan should by his everlasting strength be proved equal to God, dethroning him from his supremacy. Besides, how inconsistent the inferior God who is left us, — mercy one side the grave and revenge the other! Let us believe in equity, goodness, and forgiveness everywhere overmatching misery and sin in his creation, and that the Divine rectitude as well as pity will appear, not only in opening doors of happiness without ceasing to his children, but in that kind of immortality which shall keep and set deeper the fundamental qualities of all.

It is queried if we shall know our friends in heaven. But if immortality be the development of every individual type, and disclosure of the personal identity of each one, we shall not alone, as we crave, know them beyond, but

know them better, and know them truly for the first time. For, as in the features cold in the coffin an old resemblance not seldom comes back, so death is doubtless a painter, the touches of whose brush increase the likeness of the celestial body. "I wanted to see your face again," it was said to one, "just as we go into an artist's room to behold the strokes, in his sketch, he has added."

One copula more there is of the *grounds* of a faith so sublime. Some find them in the facts of the Gospel, and some in the yearnings of the soul. But the inward and outward lessons combine in one revelation. What sage critics they are who oppose religious intuitions to religious institutions, as though the institutions had any other end than to stir the intuitions! Why find any duel between reason and Christ's authority, when Christ's authority is but reason to us answering to reason in us? The mighty works contradict not, but play into our highest thoughts. Our religious education is no spontaneous process; it rests on a succession of bequests from the foundation of the world. All is legacy, which our mental labor enlarges only by a mite, like a crystal-increment, at a time. What is Christianity but the accumulated fund of religion, the compound interest of virtue, the moral capital of the human race? Its Author has had many titles given to him; let us add one more, that he is the creator far and wide of that very consciousness of God, duty, and immortality, from whose interior well we pretend to fetch our independent draughts. "Out of the old fields cometh all this corn" with which the philosopher has filled his little barn. What a poor storehouse his brain would be, occupied only with his own products! The bee might as well, sipping his honey from the hive, despise the flowers from which it was extracted, or the heir of his father's property pretend to have made it by his own speculations, as the writer on "absolute religion" discard help from systems of religion that have been "relative" to him. It would be as insane to leave our Christianity behind, as for a merchant to throw away his deposit in the bank or his stock in trade. Why should we despise tradition when we are, body and soul, traditions ourselves, handed down from former generations, as well as inspired by the Most High?

But everything, in morals as in matter, has two sides. Holding to the one, let us not forget the other, but join both in unison. Our heavenly claim rests on linked columns of idea and fact, and our immortality is evinced from within no less than from without. Do you say we shall rise from the dead because Jesus did? But why did he rise? We want not only the circumstance but the cause. A circumstance unaccountable and abnormal, peculiar to one person and exclusive of all beside, would be no argument for us. Jesus rose because he was the Son of God. We shall rise for the same reason, because we are children of God; and the smallest babe, "morsel of humanity," you bear out to the burial, has in its soft hand gigantic strength to burst the bars of the sepulchre.

Let such cases, covering a few points only in the field of modern questioning, serve to elucidate the sense intended in our phrase, *the Christian copula.* They may at least open trains of thought, if they lead to no conclusions. They may also suggest some better conception of the clerical office, as designed neither to discharge any function of bigotry, nor to be a smoothing-plane of indifference. The true preacher is no eclectic, neutral, or compromiser; but, in the words of the prophet, "a restorer of paths for men to dwell in," a reconciler, and minister of the great Reconciler, who came to make men one with each other in him and in God. This is their only confessed mission. The occupants of the pulpit sink to a low ebb when they have to advertise their theme, as if there should be any doubt about it, or when, as a lure to public curiosity, they even take each other for their critical texts, instead of holding forth impartial truth. Some larger view, in which oppositions of opinion meet, some harmonious utterance, in which the strifes of tongues are turned to unison, — as the tuner untwists or braids into harmony once more the frayed strings and discords of a musical instrument, — may save from this degradation.

There was one true man, dying last year in San Francisco, who always comes to us with this image as a producer of concord. He was always celebrating somebody else, and making nothing of himself. He was one link always with

other men. He rose from his death-bed to marry a couple, who, not knowing he was even then nearing the port, thought they could not do without his blessing. He married California to the Union, and the church to the state. A gold ring that came hither from the Pacific, having in it his own more golden hair, seemed a symbol of such sublime weddings at which he so grandly officiated. We knew not that priestly and political hand was so strong, interfused with tenderness as had always been his force. We knew not that sweet, simple reed could turn to such a trumpet, till God made it his mouth to blow from it such a blast. No wonder our golden, far-off argosy of the Pacific, wellnigh lost to us in the mist of State-rights, and beginning to wander from the fleet, heard the gracious recalling voice, and caught the rope flung by that sweet and mighty spirit, in whose breast we might say the lion and the lamb had lain down together, but that with him there had been no rising of the lion against the lamb. Young as he passed on, no other man's age has better accomplished the loving and reconciling purpose of life. He found by instinct the harmony after which our argument gropes. He was always tying bands, and, like his Master, never broke the bruised reed. "He is not great," it was said by one man of another, "for I do not feel him where I live." There are men, of character so real, and by our conventional standards immeasurable, that they haunt us with their ideal. Their souls swell out beyond their bodies to fill the room they may be in, and the whole land. Others we find only when we are present with their flesh and blood, in which we have to search if at any point we may reach their spirits. Mr. King was of continental size. It is not strange the great marble monument under which his remains were lately put should the next morning be found covered with flowers.

In these times of alienation, when so many strands have parted, and the vessel of church and the ship of state, although, thank God, fast righting themselves, still sway and swing heavily and doubtfully, in the winds of passion, on the tide of events, be ours the part of healers, not of sectarists to embitter and divide! Not that there need be any concession to error, but only loving assertion of the truth, saying what

we see. Sight is final, and not to be sacrificed. If I see Niagara or the White Hills, another's imperceptiveness cannot wipe them from the face of the earth. Rightly placed, he will see them too. So, against a principle, once discerned, no man's doubt avails more than against the mountains or the floods. We will avoid, long as possible, making it subject of quarrel. We may not profitably dispute for it much in words. But we must not fail at least to testify to it. The proof is with us that for its political applications we may have to strive unto blood. Spite of present ignorance, we must come together in its perception, and cannot help doing so at last. The day of contention is not indeed over yet. The sound of battle is in our ears. We are soldiers of Jesus Christ against all spiritual wickedness or carnal treason; and we are enlisted for the war. But war, with whatever weapons, is a means, not the end. War has no excuse but to keep out what is worse and more barbarous than itself; and its terrors of discipline, its furies to cleanse, should be used no moment beyond the providential ordination of imperative need. Honor to the soldier and sailor, in army and navy, who have stood between us and ruin. "Home" and hospital are but small return for their service. But Heaven grant their service soon end! Be ours the motto borne by Cromwell's medal, after his second investiture, — Through war our quest is peace, *Pax quæritur bello;* and though the peace the angels sang has not yet come on earth, the peace Jesus left to his disciples we shall have, and like him, in proportion to our possession of it, impart.

Art. III. — SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

1. *Histoire de Saint François d'Assise.* Par E. Daurignac. Paris. 1861.
2. *Beati Patris Francisci Assisiatis Opera omnia.* Curavit Joh. Jos. von der Burg. Coloniæ. 1849.

Upon a certain summer evening in the year 1210, just as the last rays of the setting sun were reflected from many a tower and spire of the Imperial City, Innocent III. paced the terrace of the Lateran palace. Whether his meditations were purely joyous, or dark clouds had risen to give a sombre hue to his evening reverie, is a fitting query. If ever the audacious dreams of Hildebrand were to be realized upon earth, — visions of a vast Christian republic with a Pope at its head, — no era seemingly could have been more auspicious for their accomplishment; none could bring to the task qualities so commanding and various as had been already displayed by Innocent III. For twelve years his indomitable energy had been illustrated in every kingdom of Western Europe. The spectacle of battle, intrigue, almost of anarchy, which greeted his accession, had not availed to weaken his self-confidence, or restrain his ambition. Rather this dismal spectacle had favored his bold monopoly of spiritual power, — had justified the double-dealing which marked his course in Southern Italy, — had pardoned the audacity which had discussed and the partiality which had decided upon the claims of Frederick, Philip, and Otho to the German crown, — had palliated the stern interdict which infused so deep a sadness through the whole realm of Philip Augustus, and the dogged gripe which alone could change the note of John of England from that of insolent defiance to a slavish whine. Surely, in the contemplation of these, his vast domains, a more ambitious spirit even than that of Innocent could not but have revelled with delight.

But deeper than geographical bounds or exorbitant pretensions the historian searches for the cause of energies baffled, of hopes delayed; and in the civil war waged for ten dreary years between Guelph and Ghibelline, which had spread havoc

and desolation throughout all Germany, we trace many a deed of cruelty which must have weighed heavily upon the Pontiff's soul. One year of interdict had humbled the haughty Philip; for three years longer, Innocent must waste his ineffectual thunders upon the head of John; and at their expiration it may have dawned upon him that he had laid the ground-stone of English liberties and English greatness. Venice, too, which had betrayed his confidence, defied his anathemas, and baffled his fondest hopes, only the more convincingly illustrated the unreality of the Papal power.

But darker far, and far more menacing, were the clouds which colored the reflections of the Pontiff. It is a period of deep unrest, when men groan and smart under the pressure and burden of sorrow. The heart of the people has been wrung by years of warfare and oppression, and gives forth longing cries for something more than has hitherto sufficed humanity. There is an awakening of the moral sense to wrong, — a feeble, scarcely conscious groping for the right. The Crusades, the long wars between the Papal power and the Hohenstaufens, have upheaved society with all the energy of deadly mines, and strewn its wrecks through every province of Western Christendom. Pilgrims and warriors returning from the Holy Land have come with stories of wild wonders and superstitions, which give to the religious enthusiasm of the day a tinge of morbid exaltation and dreamy fear, which impart a strange distortion to religious aspirations, and excite a passion for self-subjection to some object beyond self. Abelard has lived, and not a few solitary thinkers follow in his bold steps. Still more unerringly than his illustrious teacher, Arnold of Brescia has struck home to the souls of men, and in the death to which his republican religion was condemned has sown the dragon seeds of worse heresies. And now these seeds spring up and flower in wonderful luxuriance. The Troubadour, with his bitter satire aimed at the Pope, accompanies the insurrections of Peter de Brueys and Henry the Deacon; and even he who had conquered Abelard and Arnold could gain but a transient victory. With the lapse of fifty years, heresy gains a foothold at the very gates of Rome; in Northern France it is rampant, undisguised; and Languedoc

is alive with Petrobrussians, Henricians, Paterines, and Cathari-sts. These, with the Waldenses, deny the Church of Rome to be the true Church; prayers for the dead, purgatory, and indulgences they scout at, and in their poverty, humility, and chastity assert themselves the only true successors of the Apostles. Against these errors have been arrayed the cunning of Innocent, the sword of De Montfort, the counsels of Dominic. Scarce a hearth in Languedoc beside which there wept not some husbandless, hopeless woman; scarce a village which had not witnessed the wielding of the scourge; scarce a city in which fires had not been kindled, and heretics burned. But not to sword, scourge, or brand has heresy bowed its head. And the thought which most embittered the evening walk of Innocent was, that blood and conquest are of no avail where the immortal spirit is unsubdued.

A moment less opportune could hardly have been chosen for twelve mendicants to enter the presence of the Pope, and through their leader, a man of prayerful look and humble bearing, crave permission to preach the virtue of humility and poverty, and by their influence to convert the world. Innocent is not the man whose communings are to be disturbed by crazy fanatics, and those of squalid dress and with unwashen feet; gladly they seek relief from his denunciations in devotion, and Innocent retires to his palace. That night, say our records, he had a vision of a palm-tree, which shot up to the heavens from between his feet, inviting the weary and the desolate to rest in its luxuriant shade. Or some would have it, that he dreamed of the Lateran tottering to its base, under whose gigantic weight a single mendicant toiled and prayed. And he who was to plant the palm-tree (so a Divine messenger had whispered in the Pontiff's ear) was no other than the squalid beggar who had just been spurned, and he it was who propped the Lateran.

That it needed Divine interposition to turn the mind of Innocent excites our wonder, since it inaugurated no innovation upon the policy of the Roman Church. This it has often, perhaps always, been, to silence the croaking of the sceptical and rebellious by the painful labors of obedient enthusiasts. Now, if ever, could an experiment of this nature be tried with

success. Innocent well knew that the other monastic orders, the Benedictines, the Carthusians, the Cistercians, the Templars, since their only object was their own isolation from the world, could wield no effective weapons against the detested heretics; he knew that the preaching of these gospellers could only be neutralized by preaching as fervent as their own, and in the determined aspect and submissive bearing of these supplicants he had seen the promise of such counteraction. Such human reasoning it was, we imagine, and no Divine admonition, which induced him to recall in the morning the leader of the vagrants; to examine and approve his rule; to sanction his watchwords of poverty, lowliness, and chastity, and with the solemnity of an Apostle bestow his blessing upon Francis of Assisi.

How, striking deep its roots in this, an important mart of Umbria, the Franciscan palm *did* sprout up, and expand her foliage on every side in the vineyard of the Church, — how already Francis had sported eighteen years as a wayward youth, and lived ten more as an enthusiastic devotee, — is described in great detail by Saint Bonaventura in the *Acta Sanctorum*, and by M. Daurignac, a writer of the nineteenth century. These are both intensely fervent in their narrative, and stifle doubt by solemnly vouching for its truth. Not a gorgeous chamber had given birth to him whose life was to be so closely assimilated to his Saviour's; for Susken, the Bollandist, has seen the wretched hovel over which was written in golden characters, "This was the dwelling of the ox, and stable of the ass, in which was born Francis, the mirror of the world." Remarkable chiefly in his boyish years for his vanity, prodigality, and love of pleasure, he yet gave such evidence of future eminence in qualities of charity, compassion, and devotion to business, as to impress his father with the belief that the names of the richest and the proudest would yet pale before that of Bernadone. In a quarrel between the citizens of Assisi and Perugia, Francis was taken prisoner; on returning to Assisi, he languished for weeks and months with a grievous fever. By the meditations, long and deep, evoked by this confinement, upon the frivolities of his previous life and the dread realities of that abyss whose grasp he had just escaped,

his whole after-life was shaded; and when again he looked upon the beautiful hills and valleys of his native town, all seemed cold and dreary, and the stirrings of some great but undefined purpose were awake within his soul.

From this moment date the religious thraldom of Francis, his ecstatic faith, his gentle fervor, his mystic love. The streets of Assisi ring again with the shouts of jocund revellers. Francis, as he gazes on the scene with melancholy thoughts, is asked, "Why so sober, Francis? art thou going to be married?" and answers, "Yes, to a lady of such wealth and beauty that the world never saw her like." "The three great powers of earth have celebrated this union," says M. Daurignac; but not poetry, eloquence, and art combined have added to the sweet simplicity of Francis's words, that Poverty was his bride, he her devoted husband, and the whole Franciscan Order their offspring. Now his dearest friends are the retired caves and lonely forests of Assisi; and while he wanders among them, his sighs and tears are well deserving of a vision of his Saviour fastened to the cross, — at sight of which his heart so melted, and the memory of which gained so deep a hold upon the fibres of his soul, that ever after he recalled it with groans and tears. Before his loving eye it seemed to set in characters of fire these words of the Evangelist, — "If thou wouldst be my disciple, take up thy cross and follow me." Prompt and joyful was his response, as exemplified by many a charitable deed to the pauper and the leper. "When in the bondage of sin," he says, "it was loathsome to me to look upon lepers; but the blessed Lord brought me among them, and what before seemed bitter was changed to me into great sweetness both of body and soul." In the hospital at Assisi, while others shuddered at the open ulcers of these outcasts, Francis with his own hand washed their feet and dressed their sores, and once upon such a loathsome wound he imprinted a fervent kiss. Forthwith the man was cured. "I know not," says St. Bonaventura, "which is to be more admired, the miraculous power or the daring humility of that kiss." "The daring humility of that kiss," it is our firm conviction.

In the suburbs of many an Italian town rose rudely-plastered sheds, on the edge of stagnant ponds and lazy ditches,

which, receiving all the garbage of the town, sent up their fetid odors, rank with fever and ague, into the stifled apartments of these buildings. In such localities, the leprosy, introduced from the East by the Crusaders, found ready victims, and did its worst. The obscurity in which this disease was involved, and its mysterious connection with the warfare in the East, had combined to envelop it in a halo of sanctity and mystery. The tendency of the age to be melted by the pathetic and excited by the marvellous in religion, found expression in a ritual which celebrated with touching solemnity the separation of the lepers from their fellow-Christians, — a service in which the sternest interdict is tempered with words of consolation and of hope. Martene preserves it. "The priest, having conducted the leper to the hospital, thus addressed him: 'My brother, the dear poor of the good God, for having suffered much tribulation, thou wilt come to the kingdom of Paradise, where all are pure and blameless. This separation is only of the body. Present in spirit, thou wilt have part and portion of the prayers of the Church. Be patient, and God will provide.' Then he pronounces the terrible legal warning. 'I charge thee, not to enter a church, or a fair, or any company of people; not to go out of doors without the leper's garment, that all may know thee; not to wash thy hands or anything belonging to thee in a river or a fountain, and not to touch anything for which thou bargainest until it is thy own. Neither shalt thou touch any well or the cord unless thou hast on gloves, or drink from any vessels other than thy own; and if thou meetest upon the highway any one who speaks to thee, thou shalt place thyself to leeward before thou answerest.' Then the priest sprinkled earth from the cemetery upon the sick man's head, saying, 'Die to the world, live to God.'" * The generous enthusiasm and self-denial of those who minister to the sick and dying in the fever hospitals of Annapolis and Petersburg are worthy of eternal honor. But theirs is bodily peril,— no more. The sick is ennobled by the cause in which he is engaged. Not so the leper. That he was the object of vengeance from God, of loathing

* *De Antiquis Ritibus*, Vol. II.

from man; that he was houseless, wifeless, childless, cast out, excommunicated; — by this fact it is that we can appreciate the devoted labors of Francis in the towns and hospitals of Italy; this it is that will immortalize "the daring humility of that kiss."

But not as yet is Francis freed from all contact with earthly interests. To a steady trader like his father, whose hopes of seeing him elevated to distinction among the sons of Mammon now began to dim, the madness and folly of his course appeared deserving of rebuke. Wild, emaciated, and pelted with stones by a hooting rabble, he is summoned into the presence of the Bishop of Assisi, that he may be compelled to renounce all claims upon his father's estate. "I will give up the very clothes I wear," said the enthusiast. He stripped himself entirely naked. "Peter Bernadone *was* my father: I have now but one Father, he that is in heaven." And now, clothed in the old, coarse dress of an artisan, he went wandering over the beautiful Umbrian hills, singing hymns at the top of his voice, and praising God for all his gifts, — for the sun which shone above him, for the day and for the night, for his mother the earth and for his sister the moon, for the flowers beneath his feet and for the stars above his head, for the winds which blew in his face, for the glancing water and the jocund fire, — saluting and blessing all creatures, animate or inanimate, as his brothers and sisters in the Lord.

But in a manner still more touching was his holy ardor to be displayed. Hearing at the chapel dedicated to the "Queen of Angels" the words of Luke, "Take nothing for your journey, neither staves nor scrip, neither bread nor money, neither have two coats apiece," he abandoned even his borrowed garments, and in a cloak of coarsest serge, girt round him with a simple cord, he wooed his affianced wife in every nook and by-lane of Assisi until the consummation of their nuptials. The poet has sung this marriage in the eleventh canto of the Paradiso: —

> "The time was not far distant from his birth,
> When from his wondrous properties began
> Some consolation to be felt on earth,
> Since for a lady, whom another man
> As lief as death had from his chamber door

Excluded, into variance he ran
A young man with his father, and before
His ghostly court *et coram patre* made
Her his, and day by day then loved her more.
But lest too intricate my language be,
Take thou henceforward for this loving pair
In speech detailed, Francis and Poverty.
Their singleness of heart and gladsome air,
And love and rapture, and their glances kind,
To many a holy thought incentives were." *

Not a less fitting panegyric than Dante's is that of Bossuet, and Art has offered her tribute in the form of a fresco by Giotto, still to be seen in one of the churches of Assisi, where Francis appears placing the wedding-ring upon the finger of his bride, and she crowned with roses, but with a tattered robe and bleeding feet. Worldly pleasures the most alluring could not now swerve him from fidelity to his beloved. With humble tones and earnest words, he commends to the charity of all the ruins of three neighboring churches. Not rebuff or sarcasm could allay his ardor, or even dissuade him from scaling, with stones and mortar on his back, their rising walls, till the sacred structures shone in renovated beauty, and the Divine injunction was fulfilled.

Of the union of Francis and Poverty, a certain Bernard was the first offspring. Soon another was influenced by his example, and the three together knelt before the altar of St. Mary's. Three times in honor of the Holy Trinity the sacred records are opened at random, and the passages which in each instance first catch the eye of the officiating priest are, "If ye will be perfect, go and sell that ye have," "Take nothing for your journey," and "He that will come after me, let him deny himself and follow me." "This," said the man of God, "is what I desire with my whole heart; this must be our rule of life." Here was the germ of the Friars Minores, an Order so guiltless of all pretension that one of its later writers claims that, if Abraham should say, "Pulvis et cinis sum," Francis shall say, "Minor sum." If David, "Mendicus sum et pauper," nay, "Vermis sum," — Francis, "Minor sum." If Solomon, "Stultissimus sum virorum," — Francis, "Minor

* Cayley's translation.

sum." If Francis of Paula, "Nos minimi sumus," — our Francis, "Minores minimis sumus." When by gradual accessions their number had been increased to twelve, Francis gathered his disciples round him in a lonely spot called Rivo Torto, and thus addressed them: "My brothers, God has revealed to me that he will diffuse our little family throughout the earth. I have seen thousands coming to live as we do. The French and Spaniards are coming. The English and Germans are hastening. All nations are running to join us. Believe that our Saviour will speak powerfully in us, though we seem despicable and insane. Go and preach repentance for the remission of sins, and the kingdom of God shall be your reward." Then, marking on the earth a figure of the cross, whose limbs were directed to the four points of the compass, and arranging his brethren in companies of three, he dismissed them, with the solemn benediction so often on his lips, "Cast your burden on the Lord, and he will sustain you."

The rule, in twenty-three chapters, which Francis now drew up, aimed at a literal fulfilment of the Gospel precepts. Though chastity and obedience were vital principles of the Benedictine Order, the sum and beauty of Evangelical perfection could not be attained without a stringent vow to poverty. For chastity, every brother was to beware of all intercourse with women, and not to speak to one alone. For obedience, the clergy of the Catholic Church were to be esteemed the spiritual lords of the brethren, and if any of their number swerved a hair in word or deed from the Catholic life and faith, they should be expelled from the fraternity. Never were they to be false to their mother, Poverty. A single gray tunic, with a hempen cord, was to be their only covering, and he who longed for more costly clothing should lose the vestment of glory in the kingdom of heaven. No brother upon his travels should mount a horse or an ass, and "to him who struck him upon one cheek, he should offer the other also." The Friars could receive no money in return for any labor, however arduous; if a mine of gold should open beneath their feet, it was to be shunned as "the vanity of vanities." But alms they might humbly beg from door to door, not as supplicants for a gratuitous favor, but as asserters of an acknowledged right inherited from Christ himself.

Scarcely had the finishing touch been put to the regulations, of which the above is a brief summary, when an opportunity was afforded their author of testing his power to meet their requisitions. For a demon whispered to him suggestions of luxury and sensuality. But Francis bravely repelled his cunning adversary, by darting from his hut, and rolling himself in the snow upon a heap of thorns. And, lo! from the thorns sprinkled with his blood sprang roses of paradise, three of which he plucked in honor of the Trinity, and offered them to Innocent with a copy of his rule.

His return from Rome, with his rule approved, was attended with the ringing of bells, the chanting of choirs, gifts of lands and convents, and the vows of enraptured devotees. But pride was a profaneness which entered not his thought. Of all, his was the humblest nature. "They honor God," he cried, "in the vilest of his creatures." At the pinnacle of his hopes, he now surveyed his future path with dread misgivings. That he struggled long and anxiously to decide the mighty question, whether he should go forth and preach, or lead a life of solitary prayer, his own words reveal. "Prayer tends to purify the affections, and produce an increase of moral strength. But preaching leads to a dissipation of the thoughts upon outward things. In prayer, we discourse with angels, and lead an angel-like life. In preaching, we must let ourselves down to men, think, see, discourse, and hear like men." But one thought outweighed all the rest,—"that the Son of God came down from heaven to *preach* to men the word of salvation." Meanwhile, heavenly counsels or human machinations have not ceased to direct the steps of Innocent. It is revealed to him that the Friars Minores *must* go forth and preach in the name of the Lord. And forth they went; some to spread the Gospel through Italy and Germany, some to pit themselves against the heresiarchs of France, some to found monasteries in Spain, some to court martyrdom in Morocco, some to settle in London and lecture in the University of Oxford, some to establish convents in Ireland and Scotland, and some in the depths of winter to Russia and Crim-Tartary.

But how like fire in the dry summer grass must all this have crackled through the fervid, wonder-loving age! "Fran-

cis's preaching," says St. Bonaventura, "went to the very marrow of men's souls." And to the marrow of men's souls it went because true Christianity was his constant theme. Stripped of ritual and dogma, he sent it home in plain, homely words and mother-speech. Like Arnold's of Brescia, and not like Abelard's, his influence was over the hearts and actions of men engaged in the real battle of life. These hearts, these actions, it had been his aim to study, that to the poorest in their poverty, the subtle in their subtlety, he might offer Christianity, not as a trap for man's obedience, but the Gospel of the poor and the oppressed. Happily freed from ecclesiastical influence in his youth, he realized to men a Church, once busied with dry dogmas, cold, distant, now changed into the human, the personal, the sentimental. The earthly life of Jesus and his human relationships were the burden of his exhortations, and the degraded population of the large Italian towns listened with greater readiness to lessons of patience and endurance falling from the lips of one who was a living example of what he taught. Unlike the secular clergy, he prayed with those who prayed, wept with those who wept, and did what he could to sanctify the sorrows and relieve the woe which had left so deep a tinge upon the age. The call for fraternity, which in this century was displaying its vitality in so many various forms, was responded to by Francis, who sent his humble friars, some of noble blood and education, over unpaved roads and muddy streets, barefooted and bareheaded, to succor the abandoned beggar, the sickly mechanic, and the untended leper. Is it strange, that, to persons like these latter, Christianity should have appeared as never before radiant in attractiveness and beauty?

But with what a fervent greeting must a people so poetical as his fellow-countrymen have welcomed the unearthly music which played round Francis, the unearthly light which shone across his path! That the fevered natures of the day could not but admire the lustre of his sanctity, is illustrated by the well-known tale of Clara, — "Clara claris præclara meriti, magnæ in cœlo claritate gloriæ, ac in terra miraculorum sublimium, clare claret." This euphonious eulogy introduces us to the type of female piety; — the "sweet-silvered

dove" who built her nest in the church of St. Damiano; who renounced friends, wealth, all, to dedicate herself to God and the Church; who never showed the color of her eyes but once, when she raised her head to receive the benediction of the Pope; who founded the Order of "Poor Claras," which, embracing queens and princesses in its limits, raised its tents throughout all Europe.

At Rome, in 1216, Dominic and Francis met. Dominic, thinking perhaps to find a tool as well as ally in his friend, wished to weld their separate bodies. But Francis, keen enough to evade the clutches of the dogmatic schoolman, answered, "No"; then they embraced and parted. A woodcut, from a picture of this meeting preserved in the Spanish gallery of the Louvre, brings it before us in all the wealth of contrast and association, — this meeting from which they parted to divide the world. The hard, heavy features of Dominic fitly symbolize his rigor of intellect and polemic sternness. The delicate, finer cut of those of Francis is suggestive of tender fervor and poetic warmth. His less passionate, colder nature is typified by the sluggish eye of Dominic; the spiritual, heavenward look of Francis speaks of an aspiring, struggling soul. The dog and fire-brand recall the combatant's fierceness; the penitent's meek sufferings find their symbols in the lily and the lamb. They parted, the one with weapons of eloquence and logic to subdue the world, the other to flood it with waves of love; the one the personification of the world's haughtiness, rigidity, stiffness, the other of its humility, susceptibility, gentleness; "the one like the cherub in wisdom, the other like the seraph in fervor."

Francis now, with his whole soul vowed again to the service of God, set forth upon his mission, — his mission to preach the Gospel to every *creature*. A love for nature was not incompatible with his aspirations. Rather in his view did all sentient beings have a share in the Divine mission of Christ. The outer world to him not only teemed with emblems, but was instinct with the presence of the Redeemer. The lamb which followed him was the pascal sacrifice. The very stones he trod upon so reverently were "chief corner-stones." The ox and ass he once entertained as Minor brethren; but

above all, the dove and nightingale were his favorites. "My dear sisters," he exclaimed to some larks, whose chattering disturbed his preaching; "you have talked long enough, it is my turn now. Listen to the word of your Creator, and be quiet." They listened. Such a congregation he addressed at Bevagno. "My little brothers, God has clothed you with plumage, and given you wings wherewith to fly. Without any care of your own, he gives you lofty trees to build your nests in, and watches over your young. Therefore give praise to your bountiful Creator." And the birds, so we are solemnly assured, bowed their beaks in holy awe, or stretched out their necks to imbibe his precepts. A lamb, leveret, and falcon attended his every step, and even the fishes in a lake, on the borders of which he stood, lifted their heads above the surface to hear his exhortations, and then disappeared at his command.

But it was ever the holy ambition of Francis to crown his labors upon earth by a glorious martyrdom for the cause of Christ. With this in view, he arrived in Egypt at Damietta, upon the eve of battle, and when discord reigned in the camp of the cross. To the man of God, thus to meet the foe in the wantonness of passion seemed a prophecy of sure defeat, and the rout of horse and foot, with the slaughter of six thousand, justified his apprehensions. Long and fervently, in this hour of rebuke, he invoked the Divine guidance; then, rising with a countenance radiant with joy, he marched towards the Mohammedan camp, chanting as he went, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." On being seized by the Saracens, he boldly declared himself sent by God to preach the Divine Saviour and the Holy Trinity. When introduced to the Sultan, and invited to seat himself in his tent, "Yes," he cried, "I will remain with you, if your people will be turned to Christ. If they hesitate, kindle a furnace, and your priests and I will enter it together, and the result shall show on which side lies the truth." At the bare thought of encountering an ordeal so perilous, the boldest of the Imans started back in terror. "Only become a Christian," persisted Francis, "and I will enter the furnace alone; but should I be

burnt, conclude, not that my message was false, but that it was brought you by one who was justly punished for his sins." Stubborn as ever, but courteous still, the infidel chief dismissed his visitor with rich presents, beseeching him always to remember in his prayers "the Commander of the Faithful."

Returning to Assisi, Francis obtained permission from the Pope to celebrate the nativity of his Lord. A stall strewn with hay, of which an ox and ass are the occupants, is chosen for the scene of this episode. Before this stall, upon a certain night, illuminated as the day by supernatural means, he preached the birth of the "poor King"; and when all language failed to express the intensity of his passion, he contented himself with repeating, and smacking his lips after every utterance as though tasting the sweetness of his words, "The little babe of Bethlehem."* We hasten to add the solemn avowal of an inquisitive disciple, that he saw reposing on the floor of the manger a lovely babe!

And now it was meet that the Church and Rome should acknowledge the services which had been rendered by Francis to each respectively; the Church, because he had flooded Christendom with a noble army of evangelists, eager to endure privation and suffer death for the cause of Christ, and Rome, because he had aided her to crush the inquiring, fevered spirits of the time. As he was deploring bitterly the sins of men before the shrine of Mary of Angels, it was promised him in a revelation from his Saviour, that all who should confess themselves to a priest in that church upon a given day should receive a plenary remission from the guilt of all their sins. This was the origin of the "Indulgence of the Portiuncula," a privilege of which thousands of zealous Catholics, even to the present day, have joyfully availed themselves. So great at times has been the multitude of the mountaineers of Umbria, the peasants of Tuscany, and the pilgrims from Spain and France with kings and princes at their head, that tens and hundreds have perished in the press. In 1450, upon the appointed day, thirty confessors welcomed

* Bleating the name Bethlehem, like a sheep, says Michelet.

two hundred thousand comers, thronging with cries and songs the portals of St. Mary's, all eager for the moment when their sins should be erased on earth, and their pardon sealed in heaven.

Still more generously was the Church to requite the labors of her devoted son, in the person of her Eternal Head. The last years of Francis were those of a sad, thrilling ecstasy. So fervent his aspirings, so keen the love for Christ with which his soul was penetrated, that the society of men became to him a burden, the wild and mournful forests of Mount Alvernia his choice companions. All nature he called upon for sympathy in this his grief; the rocks to soften, the lofty trees to bow their tops, the birds of the air to sing no more. At length the hour of the "holy sacrifice" drew nigh. On the annual festival of St. Michael for the year 1224, Francis and Leoni, a member of his Order, worshipped together at a church erected upon the summit of the mount. Three times the Gospels were opened upon the altar, and when three times they presented the history of the passion, it seemed clear to the man of God that, as he had imitated the actions of his Redeemer in life, so he was to share in the sufferings of his death. As if in sympathy with his heavenward aspirations, the body of the saint began suddenly to ascend. The feet as they rose were bathed with tears by his companion from beneath, till the figure mounted beyond the range of human vision, and then the hushed sound of voices, the smothered question, "Who are you, who am I?" attested the presence of the Saviour. He was manifested to the eye of his enraptured worshipper, nailed to the cross in the midst of six wings of a lovely seraph, two of which arched over his head, two were stretched for flight, two veiled the body. At the disappearance of the apparition a strange ardor suffused the soul of Francis, and not less strange were its effects as visible upon his body. For from the mystic seraph, as it hovered over him, had darted rays like threads of light, leaving upon either hand and either foot a black excrescence in the form of a nail, with its head below, its point bent back above, and upon his right side, as if pierced with a lance, a ghastly wound, from which drops of blood trickled forth and stained his garment.

This stupendous miracle caps the series wrought to conform the life of Francis to that of Christ. As regards the credibility of them all, the gist of some criticisms by Bauer * and Tholuck † may be of weight. It is Bauer's belief that all these stories of visions of Christ vouchsafed to Francis were merely figurative designations of the deep earnestness with which he submerged himself in the sorrows of his Saviour. It is Tholuck's testimony, that the earliest biographer is confused in his account of all these miraculous visitations. From this and other facts, he concludes that, though scars may have been impressed upon Francis like those of Christ, it was through his own energy of imagination, as can be shown by analogies from anthropology.

It remains that we consider the claims of Francis to literary eminence, and briefly trace, in art, poetry, romance, physics, theology, religion, his influence upon the world. A small volume, whose title appears at the head of our article, contains all the prose and poetical writings of Francis of Assisi. The following definition of "perfect joy" smacks of the spirit already illustrated by several of his sayings. "If a Friar Minor should know all tongues and sciences, if he could speak in the language of the angels, and should know the courses of the stars, his is not perfect joy. But if he should knock at the gate of St. Mary's, drenched and chilled, and the porter should say, 'Ribald, begone,' that is joy. But if he should persevere, and the porter should pelt him with stones, and he should bear it meekly, that is joy more enviable. But if the porter should trample him in the snow, and lash him with a rope, his is joy complete." "What a man is in the sight of God," says Francis, "that he is, and no more." "I love to read," he says, "the passion of my Lord; if I lived to the end of the world, I should need no other book. When I pronounce his name, the heavens laugh, the angels exult, hell trembles, the demons fly." Such are a few specimens of writing stamped with life and fervor, but little more. Of his poetry, Montalembert ‡ says, "It surpassed the efforts of all his predecessors, all succeeding poets have written nothing equal to it; few even

* Christliche Kirche. † Vermischte Schriften.

‡ Preface to "Ste. Elisabeth de Hongrie."

can comprehend it." If the first statement be correct, the preceding poets of Italy are deserving of infinite commiseration. The second we are allowed to doubt. The third seems less unreasonable. As the coin fresh from the mint bears the impress of its stamp, so Francis's character is legible in his poetry. It is but a pensive, monotonous wail, on a single strain of melody, without order or completeness, whose burden is love to his Redeemer, and only love.

> "My heart and mouth sing alone the name of Love,
> Let me die in love, O Jesus, Love, O Love,
> Already I gain the port, have conquered the pinnacles of the sea,
> O Love, Jesus, O Love, life flies,
> Give, give, sweet Love, thy blessed embraces,
> May I then turn into Love,
> Dead to myself, living to Love, and Love anew."

However musically this may ring in the vernacular, they who were later to chant the strains of Dante and of Tasso must surely have found a greater charm in the music of their saint's ordinary speech, or the poetry of his daily life.

Francis was the first to sing in the language of Boccaccio, Petrarch, Tasso; and his religion of retribution and suffering it is which breathes in the strains of Dante. Out of the mystery-plays of the Franciscans sprang the modern drama, and with the Friars came the first systematic attention to medicine. Prominent names which deck their order are, in romance, Raymond Lull and John of Parma; in experimental philosophy, Roger Bacon. Robert Grostête, Alexander of Hales, William of Ocham, Dun Scotus, Burley, and Bonaventura are some of the schoolmen, from whose ranks stepped forth the most popular preachers, and, if the great asserters of Papal authority, so also the precursors of the Reformation. And the history of the Franciscan Order, viewed in whatever form, — the artistic, as of Guido; the poetical, as of Dante; the romantic, as of Raymond Lull; the scholastic, as of Dun Scotus; or that of the founder of experimental philosophy, as Roger Bacon, — must be regarded as the link uniting mediæval with modern times, the richest development of the mind of the former, the preparation for the latter.

His life of toil and sorrow lived, at the setting of an autum-

nal sun in the year 1226 they laid him, at his own request, upon the naked ground. For each and all he had a kindly look and parting word; till the requiem for the dying ceased, and his companions bent to catch his broken whisper, "Welcome, sister Death." This was his broken whisper, these the dying words of Francis of Assisi.

Art. IV. — UNDER THE BAN.

Under the Ban. (*Le Maudit.*) *A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.* Translated from the French of M. l'Abbé * * *. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1864.

The Tinker-prophet, dreaming for immortality in Bedford jail, speaks of what he beheld just at the end of "the Valley of the Shadow of Death" in these words: —

"Now I saw in my dream, that at the end of this valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of pilgrims that had gone this way formerly; and while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied a little before me a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time; by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, &c. lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered; but I have learnt since that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them."

John Bunyan puts Pagan and Pope in the same category, — for practical purposes, well enough, and few will feel disposed to dispute the classification. For purposes of philosophy and history, however, a discrimination is necessary, and that discrimination will not a little illustrate the wisdom and goodness of Him who has kept the advancement and recovery of the human race steadily in view ever since the world began, and has made even its "indirections" and errors to serve His

purpose well. This will farther appear. Meanwhile, it is remarkable what tenacity of life old giant Pope discovers. Devout Bunyan wrote his dream two hundred years ago, and even then the giant had grown so crazy and stiff that he could only sit in his cave's mouth and grin. If the dreamer had been asked how long this enemy of pilgrims might be expected to survive, it is odds that he would not have post-dated his death till now. But he is alive yet, and when we consider him, seems little nearer his end than he was then. Bunyan's description is wonderfully pat to-day. The giant cannot walk much, he cannot reach far, but his clutch, when it closes upon what is within his reach, is about as tight as ever. Goa and Spain have, indeed, no Inquisition; emperors no longer crawl painfully, bare-kneed, up St. Peter's steps; the thunders of excommunication no more frighten kingdoms; an obsequious clergy have not still the power to drag the noblest of a Christian king's subjects from the foot of their master's throne, at a Pontiff's bidding. But in Rome itself the power of Rome is as imperious and relentless as ever. The superior of the "Holy Office" is substantially a co-ordinate Pope; and if the world hears no longer of the *auto da fé*, the diabolical thirst for blood that once revelled in the flames and the robe and cap of demons drinks a safer and as deep a draught in the dungeons, temporary but strong, that have taken the place of the half-ruined prisons which, since the revolution of 1848, were fitted up as barracks for the French troops. The Jesuits are cunning; they yielded to that storm, and let the senseless rabble have its way with the *shell*, — the *kernel* they kept and carried a few squares farther.

"There are few," says our Abbé, "who are not familiar with the fearful details that were made known when the cells of the Inquisition were penetrated and laid bare, in 1848. Skeletons chained up against the walls; others lying on the floor; bodies buried up to the shoulders in quicklime, — the most horrible punishment of all; rooms full of instruments of torture; cells in the drains, where wretched victims, half smothered in mud and pollution, used to be kept alive in their misery by a daily dole of bread; with an endless series of other atrocities no less appalling." (And this was *only sixteen years ago.*) "The shrivelled-up corpses, the instruments of torture, the human mould in the

underground passages, and that court, a hundred metres long, where victims were secretly burned, after public exhibitions of the kind had become no longer safe, — we should like to see all this kept up, as a sort of gloomy museum, open to public inspection, where men may learn what religious bigotry did in days gone by, and what it may again do, at any moment, should a bigoted monk mount the pontifical throne. . . . . Tourists who go the rounds of Roman curiosities really ought to pay a visit to the French barracks behind the circular colonnade, and ask to see the dungeons. Faugh! they smell of dead bodies still."

Yet what an impertinence upon the face of the earth in this latter day the mere Papal system is! It does not matter that Pio Nono is an apostolic Pope, or that he keeps the Jesuits a little under. This is well, as far as it goes; but it is clear that the well-minded Pontiff is even crazier in the joints than the old system which he represents, and that in the nature of things his death will be the signal for a bigot's elevation to his office. Not the Jesuits and the Inquisition, but the system that sustained them is effete and impertinent. It hangs upon the living age, like the dead body which old Roman ingenuity chained to the loathing criminal, — liker, rather, to the old man of the sea, who, in Oriental fable, clung to the sailor's back, and could not be shaken off. Not the abuses of the hierarchy, but the priesthood itself, and the vicegerent at the head, are intolerable, and have no place above ground.

And truly, the people of Europe were ready, twenty — fifty years ago, to shake them off and let them die, as die they would when let alone. Your priest is an animal that subsists on pabulum; — deny him, and his vocation is gone; cease to pamper him, and his paunch shrinks, and he becomes like another man; refuse to spin for him, and his scarlet robe drops off in rags.

But the startling thought for us who live three thousand miles from Rome, in a land dedicated to religious as well as civil liberty, is, that the old despotic allies of the Pope are serving their common cause by keeping him alive till he gets a firm foothold among ourselves. If Cromwell could have crushed the Scarlet woman, as he had so good a will to do, — if the first Napoleon had overturned her throne, as he could have done, — or even if his nephew had made his Solferino the

Waterloo of the Papacy, — America might have been saved from its mummeries forever. There was not coherency enough in the system of Romanism to keep it together in the Cisatlantic sphere, without the old-world centre to which to refer the doubting, — a centre of veneration and authority.

Rome has wrought well with despotism all her days. Of all the means that monarchs used to keep the people under, priestcraft was most potent. The fiction of being themselves subservient to the spiritual power was a web that kings entangled their subjects in so completely, that the royal tribute exacted by the Pope was willingly paid. Nor is it necessary to suppose that the kings were all or often insincere. They were ignorant and superstitious themselves. Ambition, greed, and tyranny are germane enough to these, and yielded an earnestness of faith to the hierarch that redoubled their influence over the more ignorant people.

Rome, then, has served despotism faithfully; and now that she is ready to die of old age, despotism will reciprocate her good offices long enough to give her heirs a standing in a virgin land. Indeed, she can serve her old ally yet, even in her decrepitude. Napoleon the First could not discard, though he despised her, — his crown sat firmer, he thought, from the Pontiff's hand. Napoleon the Third, though, if he had the stuff of a world's champion and deliverer in him, he is powerful enough to sweep the abomination away and rid the world of it forever, has even a European policy in keeping the cracked concern together. He has no thought of freeing France, but of making her an instrument of glory, and perpetuating a line as long as Capet; and his mercurial people — long ago sceptical of every religious faith — are characteristically and sufficiently amused with the mummeries of their Church establishment, — of which, for them, Eugénie, bigoted empress at once of fashion and religion, is the centre. Frenchmen have no faith in Romanism, but they live upon grimace, and this form is a universal cloak. Besides, it flatters them by patronizing the old, clawless lion of the Quirinal.

This is the danger to our own country, — Napoleon holds up Rome long enough to let the spirit of Rome get a hold here. This could never have been done without the ignorant Irish

element, and even that could not have been available under the fast-melting influences of liberty and intelligence, without the prestige of the time-honored centre in Italy. Now, it will make no difference as to human rights spiritually trampled on, if, when the spirit of Rome is established among us, the name of Rome disappears. It is against this that we ought to be on our guard, and we cannot be too vigilantly aware of it. It is, as at first said, the essential spirit, life, and fact of the thing called Romanism, that is worn out and to be cast away, — not the forms and fardels of it, merely ridiculous as they are. This suggests the main criticism upon the volume before us, — a really valuable and impressive book, but, after all, insufficient. It is valuable, as showing the remaining vitality of the abominable system it exposes; impressive, as indicating the freedom of thought that stirs in its European membership; but insufficient, because that very freedom of thought, and even of expression, — of which the work itself is a witness, — is too much hampered with veneration to be radically corrective. How strange it is that such thinkers as this brave, nameless Abbé do not see that nothing can be done for the old system but to give the *coup de grace*, bury it out of sight, and follow, without misgiving, the large leadings of a Providence that has clearly done with such instrumentalities! Luther himself demonstrated this, nearly four hundred years ago, and yet fell into the same error, — keeping back the true Reformation by three centuries. Where might not the world have been, in its emancipation from priestcraft, if the great German monk, instead of trying to *reform* the depraved Church, had dropped it altogether, and thrown himself upon God and the people? It may be, indeed, that he would not have been visibly sustained. His body might have fed the flames, as that of Wicliffe and of Huss, one hundred years before; but the phœnix of truth would have risen from his ashes, sooner and more sublimely, and been careering now over a brighter world.

We are not for a moment to think that the system of religious belief known as Roman Catholic has existed so long, and prevailed so extensively, in spite of the purpose and providence of God. By no means, but rather in pursuance of

both. It is impossible, perhaps, to explicate that purpose in the career of the Roman Church; but it involves an absurdity to suspect that his purpose could be evaded, or even postponed, by that or any church. It is equally unphilosophical, on the other hand, to say that God might have shortened his route, and saved us oceans of storms, wastes of sin and trouble, and creeping millennia of blunders. God indeed moves upon humanity, but he influences it only as a great system of free-agency is influenced, — through the laws of its organization. So the revolutions that tend upward seem slow to us, who look at one thing at a time, and that time only the present. How the seed, divinely planted, yearns in its narrow box of earth, — short behind, shorter before, — cut off in its spring, when the whole year of its earthly life, even to the outer limit of old age, is too little to lap the simplest circle of the Immortal Father's purposes! But so it is, and we can only grope a hand's breadth about us. History itself is a glowworm's light in our path; we, delving moles.

If we take leave of speculations, however, and, taking things as they are, look over the expanse of time as well as we can, we may see a great possibility of good in the past history of the Romish Church, and find, indeed, materials for a theory of progress which makes its existence and office as necessary as the Reformation which began to displace it. The same course will lead us to the conclusion that it is now superannuated, and even worse, dead and rotten, — an offence to the nostril, and a cause of hindrance and disease.

We need not be reminded of the bigotry and cruelty through which Jesus and his Apostles made their early way, or of the subsequent triumph of the Christian faith, which, deserting the primitive simplicity, seated itself upon the throne of the Cæsars. Until that unhappy prosperity choked the word, (the greatest illustration of the Founder's parable that the world ever knew,) all had been purificative. But then the heart of religion began to be burdened by its spoils, and it was not long before it seemed to lose its panting life under the accumulation, and fell into asphyxia. In that lifeless state it lay for hundreds of years, keeping up the forms,

that without the life became at length grievous and cruel burdens, — forms that were made the pretence of a system of priestly oppression such as had never been imposed upon the world, and can never be again.

In the Almighty purpose, the germ of truth was not lost in the dark ages of Christianity, any more than it was in those of Judaism. Wicliffe caught sight of it, Huss died for it, Luther — more happy — proclaimed it. It was not, however, to be expected that the Roman perversion would yield as easily as the Jewish. It really "*held* the truth," though "in unrighteousness," and had the advantage of appealing to the apostleship. It claimed the faith of the world on the ground of an ancient and inalienable obligation. It spoke of "the liberty of the Gospel," "the liberty wherewith Christ maketh men free," — and the world hesitated; for, after all, this is what men need, and what they desire, and the question was, What if the assumed apostolic succession should be, after all, the only depositary of the grace? So little and yet so much has the world gained, — so little as to underrate the largeness of Christ, so much as to understand its need and cling to him.

For every practical purpose, it will be perceived, we identify the Episcopal with the Romish Church. Every rigid process of thought will justify this identification. The two are one except in circumstances; for the Reformation was not radical, it was superficial, and consequently tends to be retrogressive. There is no middle ground between individual freedom in Christ, and church authority in his name. If we give up the first, we shall not stop short of the spirit — however we may amuse ourselves with denominational terms — of Rome, or, to speak more accurately, of Constantinople. For Rome is the Protestant of Greece, as Luther is of Rome.

Not only has the germ of truth been saved from the dark ages, it has come to these times with advancing growth. If it were not so, the prospect would be discouraging, and the evidence of the co-operative grace of God small indeed. We have certainly passed great progressive eras in the history of our race, and it only remains that we take the lesson, and, emerging from the shell of things, cast the rind behind us.

As it is, we see church authority holding on the race with a grasp that, if we did not discern its hopelessness in its very tenacity, we might well despair of disenthralment. This brings us again to our out-spoken Abbé and his book.

Le Maudit (of which a good translation lies before us, happily entitled "Under the Ban") is a notable book. The anonymous author has been hunted high and low, in France, by the ecclesiastics, — hitherto unsuccessfully. Whether he is a priest or not, we cannot certainly know; but his book contains strong evidences of the truth of the author's assertion. He is clearly *au fait* with his topic, and spares nothing. The story is simple enough, and evinces a degree of sympathy with the natural relations of humanity which no ecclesiastic of an earlier age could have felt. There is nothing essentially monkish in his social views. One of his priests, cutting loose from the Church, marries his housekeeper; and though the author, only partly enfranchised from lifelong prejudices, evidently thinks celibacy a somewhat higher and even measurably obligatory form of life, he abstains from animadversion, and even puts strong arguments in the mouth of the recusant.

The story mainly concerns the Abbé Julio, a young priest who passed from the school of the Jesuits to that of St. Sulpice, and who with an ardent devotion to the Church combined a clear head, a tender conscience, and a fear of God rather than man. The character of this noble youth is evidently the *beau idéal* of the author, who in his Preface remarks, that "he can conscientiously declare that every line of his pages is penetrated with a profound veneration for whatever is venerable, though in the interests of religion itself he has suffered no false charity to deter him from denouncing those shameful proceedings by which it has been compromised and disgraced." As the chief of "whatever is venerable" stands the Romish Church, of the apostolic authority of which the author seems fully persuaded. At our stand-point, we can discern a confusion of ideas in his mind as to what *religion* is. The author confounds it yet with the notion of a visible and authoritative Church, and that Church, of course, the Romish. Perhaps we expect too much of any priest, however enlightened, especially in Europe, if we require him to do more

than expose the errors of that organization which he *saw* as the outer enclosure and exponent of religion, before he *thought* what the inner and spiritual essence was. It is hard to disengage the quiddity of a thing from the medium through which we get our first crude notions of it. Our intuitive ideas pale upon the tablets of our souls before the material impressions which, as soon as we perceive, think, and have contact with outer objects and minds, begin to overlay the receptive surfaces with their heavy characters. It is, therefore, generally the office of some mind educated in another school to correct the prejudices of ours, — though, by reason of his own, in other ways imbibed, he will do it partially and imperfectly, after all.

It is really affecting, therefore, to see the loyalty with which the Abbé Julio clings to the Church, though persecuted by it out of measure. Before he became a priest, the ever-watchful Jesuits had their eyes on him, and, learning that he had penetrated their sophistries, tried to prevent his advancement. There were three of his family, a rich aunt, his sister Louise, and himself. The first was completely under the influence of the Jesuits, who prevailed upon her to devise to a creature of their Order her entire fortune, the fact being carefully concealed from the nephew and niece, who supposed themselves her heirs. Julio, in spite of the Jesuits, was appointed by his diocesan — a man of unusual clearness and purity — his private secretary; but the amiable prelate dying suddenly, he lost the position. The Bishop's successor feared the Jesuits, and allowed himself to be easily prejudiced against Julio, whose bold preaching and fearless pen had already marked him as a Reformer. He was banished by the new Bishop to a little church on the Pyrenees, where, while pursuing a godly and useful life, patiently laboring for his charge, he was persecuted by every petty malice of his priestly enemies. While he was here, his aunt died, and he first learned that the Jesuits had wheedled her out of her fortune. He immediately determined, by the aid and counsel of his friend Verdelon, a lawyer, and lover of Louise, to prosecute the Jesuits. His lawsuit was unsuccessful in the lower courts, and an appeal was instituted, pending which the Jesuits employed an old family

friend of the deceased aunt to work upon the fears of Louise for her brother's reputation and safety. This plot was successful to such a degree, that she consented to the dictation of a letter to her brother, in which she declared her conviction that the lawsuit was unjust, and refused to see him again unless he withdrew it. She then placed herself in the hands of her aunt's friend, who delivered her to the Jesuits, who sent her secretly to Italy. Julio, though in great distress, continued his legal appeal, in which he was finally beaten; and Verdelon, finding that the fortune of Louise was gone, deserted her, and married another. Julio, having obtained leave of absence from his diocesan, who was induced by a remarkable circumstance to forego for a time his persecutions, started for Italy in search of his sister, who he suspected had been abducted. After many adventures, he found her in a convent, and by the aid of a Garibaldian, an old smuggler, rescued her by force. As he was conveying her to the coast, the Papal *sbirri* attacked his party, and, securing him, took him to Rome, where he was imprisoned in the "Holy Office." His sister, however, escaped to France, where she made interest with the Emperor to procure her brother's release. The usual gentle-voiced diplomacy ensued, and Julio would have rotted in his dungeon, but for an old friend, once a priest, bound to him by a peculiar gratitude; who went to Rome, and by the old smuggler's aid, and judicious handling of money, got him out of prison. Then Julio went to Paris, where, under a tacit suspension of his particular diocesan relation, he wrote and preached, by permission of the Archbishop. But the Jesuits soon hunted him from this position, and had him returned to his old diocese, whence he was again banished to a hamlet in the country, and again filled up his days with gentle charities, unfailingly loyal to his priestly vows and the Church, but still hammering away at its abuses. Of course, he was a living martyr. His sister now lived with him, and began to show symptoms of consumption. As she was dying before his eyes, he found out that she was not his sister, and at the same time discovered in his heart a tenderness for her which the fraternal relation could not satisfy. But he maintained his celibacy, and she died without knowing him as

other than her brother. Then his own health began to fail, and the persecutions of the Jesuits were redoubled. Finally, he ended his days in a poorhouse, and would have been denied the last offices of the Church, which, strangely to us, he still valued, if a friend, touched by his patience and piety, had not confessed and absolved him, in defiance of ecclesiastical authority.

Such is the web of the story upon which is woven the most remarkable exposure of Romish abominations that was ever made. The giant is old and crazy in his joints; but his brain is as active as ever, and his malevolence even more unrelenting. His weapons, indeed, are changed. He has not fire, fagot, and instrument of torture, — except at Rome; but he has influences that in civil life and the social sphere are as efficient to harass and destroy his victims as the other. There is even a refinement of cruelty that he can practise, — peculiarly congenial to the Jesuitical disposition, because it calls for the exercise of perseverance, plotting, and skill, and is sure in the end. There is a cat-like fascination in spinning thread after thread of an inextricable web around a palpitating victim, which is the very refinement of hypocrisy and cruelty, and which belongs to a day when men refuse to submit to thumb-screws and the rack, but must be wrought upon by more subtile tormentings. To show how extensive are the ramifications of these agencies, we take the following curious passage from the book before us.

"Failing stakes and blocks, however, at the present day, there is a first-rate engine of destruction, easily worked, whose name is Calumny, — as Julio soon discovered on his arrival at Paris. Efforts were made on all sides to destroy his reputation, to involve him in perplexities, to compromise him hopelessly, and generally to render his name a by-word in the narrow religious clique likely to be affected by such proceedings. Sacristans, beadles, choristers, bell-ringers, holy-ware pedlers, little book-stall keepers, statuaries, and other artists engaged in the manufacture of rosaries and miraculous medals, composed this illustrious community. Denis was among them with a train-band, asserting that Julio had apostatized, and even become a sceptic; that he had gone to Italy on a visit to the excommunicated Passaglia, and that the two heretics were putting their heads together to construct a new religion, specially

adapted to the views of Democrats and Red Republicans; while in the very hottest circles of wild fanaticism the rumor grew to the extent that Julio and Passaglia had all but completed their arrangements for putting the latter in the chair of St. Peter, and Garibaldi on the throne of France.

"Nor did they let Louise alone. They made the most of her escape from the convent and her friendship for Loubère, declaring that she was a professed nun who had flung off the veil. The society selected for these latter rumors consisted mainly of female artisans, chambermaids, fruit-sellers, and portresses.

"Such calumnies, when once suffered to alight in the public mind, take deep root, and become almost ineradicable, — distilling their venom at all times and in all directions. To destroy the reputation of a man in a distinguished position, *the most direct course is to prejudice the lowest orders against him in the first instance.* The tide seethes and surges upward, covering range after range in the social pyramid with its polluted waters, till it reaches the highest elevation, and engulfs the whole."

Beginning thus at the bottom, the course of this resistless uprising of calumny is traced in a masterly manner. To expose this refinement of the art of persecution, *Le Maudit* has been written, and the work is amply done. How the author could fail to see what a case he has made out against a church organization under which such a system as that of Jesuitry is possible, it is amazing to consider. And it is especially strange, when he admits that the probable election of a Jesuit by the College of Cardinals upon the death of Pio Nono will re-establish and confirm the worst features of the system which that amiable but insufficient Pope is supposed to have tried to curb.

The author of *Le Maudit* goes as far as this, — he supposes all the abuses of the Papacy to result from the union of the temporal and spiritual powers, and the remedy to be the severance of the two.

"Pius IX.," he says, "is king only by the grace of Napoleon's legions, and illustrates in his own person the absurdity of the notion that the spiritual power cannot exist without the temporal, — a notion which, though it is not asserted as a dogma by the cardinals and bishops, is so put forth as that the opposite creed is condemned as heresy. Yet here we have had a Pope for fourteen years exercising his full spir-

itual rights, decreeing doctrines, issuing encyclical letters; yet maintained in his political position all the while by an army of occupation, on whose good pleasure his honorary kingship depends; this vassalage, however, in no way impairing his other rule. So the experiment has been tried; and should Victor Emmanuel once come to the Quirinal, no matter what the form of government at Rome, the spiritual ascendency of the Pope would remain the same."

Influenced by the same fallacy, our author attempts the following discrimination between the religion of the individual Jesuit and the obligations of his Order.

"To any one who has not studied the monkish system, there are certain considerations which appear monstrous, but which are capable, nevertheless, of most easy explanation. To do evil deliberately, to pursue with implacable animosity, to calumniate in every possible way a known foe, — all this seems utterly opposed to the teaching of the Gospel, which urges the forgiveness of injuries and love of enemies. . . . . Such being the case, the question naturally arises, In what possible way could men, devoted avowedly to self-mortification and strivings after personal sanctity, justify themselves in a deadly persecution of a gentle and blameless man, as though he had been a monster of iniquity and an enemy of God and man? . . . . . Had Julio, instead of being what he was, been an assassin, a Dumolard, — had he met one of these very Jesuits in the dark of the evening in some out-of-the-way place and stabbed him to the heart, — the victim would have died forgiving him, and prayed for his murderer's soul with his latest breath. . . . . And yet the explanation is very simple. . . . . The monk pardons his enemy because that enemy's attack has been directed upon himself. It is a private question, and he deals with it according to the Gospel law of love as applied to his individual relations to his brethren. Be it added, in praise of his piety, that his pardon is genuine. But the man who is condemned by the Inquisition is regarded as the enemy of God, and the monk intrusts himself with the high function of avenging the Divine honor. He regards himself as being in the world for that purpose only. And the more sceptical society becomes, the more conscious the monk is compelled to be of the lessening influence of his rites and observances on the society in the centre of which he practises them, the more furiously does he alight on the head of any offender whom he may regard as a ringleader in the general disaffection."

The inference is, that if the piety of the Jesuits could be disconnected from their organization, and have individual

scope, it would be just the thing for a sinful and needy world. If the Pope and Conclave could be induced to relinquish their temporalities, they would justly retain the spiritual dominancy of Christendom. This is the very fallacy against which the lessons of eighteen centuries unite to warn us. Rome and the Jesuits know that, the moment they are stripped of their temporalities, they fall. We may know — whoever will think or reason may know — that the inevitable tendency of an authoritative Church is to make to itself an accretion of temporal influences in some form, about which its authority may hang, and from which it may issue. If the desire and prayer of our author is granted, and Rome is stripped of temporal sovereignty, the scales will fall from his eyes in that self-same day; for he will hear the rushing of the mill-stone, and witness the sinking beyond any plummet's sound of that entire system of spiritual tyranny, which, bolstered by temporal power, has prevailed for fifteen centuries, under the pretence of mediation, to keep the Human from that contact with the Divine which the Messiah made possible. The Messiah, long waited for by the Jews, was rejected by them when he came; turning to the Gentiles, he was accepted, but almost immediately appropriated by a hierarchy, and forbidden to the sympathy of a yearning, expectant world. Jesus Christ disappointed the national expectation of Israel; the longing of the people was not for a spiritual redemption, but for a restoration of temporal power and glory, — their incurable pride being the natural result of the great experiment of an aristocratic theocracy. But the Gentile world that took him up, being made of the same human materials, tended the same way, and, in the attempt to force the Messiah into a temporal throne and the patronship of earthly pride and ambition, lost the essential spirit that could save it, and kept instead a bedizened image that they called Christ, and that they persuaded men to worship. So the Jew rejected Jesus, and he eluded the Greek, and the world entered upon the second test or experiment, which was to supplement the first, and prepare humanity for the true dispensation of light and progress.

Yes! the time has come at last of which the Son of Man spake to the woman at the well, in which we shall "neither in

this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father." The period of symbols and sacrifices is past; the era of ecclesiastical authority and priestly tyranny is accomplished; the day of individual liberty, in Christ, is dawning. No man's conscience need be fettered; no timorous soul need wait upon the authority of a self-constituted Church. The Bible is in every man's hand; the Saviour has lived, died, and lives forever, for all who will receive him. It rests with ourselves whether the clear day of grace and salvation shall still be darkened, or the mists be cleared away. The Sun of righteousness shines full and clear, — the obstructions to his beams are the effluvia of the soil that remains uncultivated under our feet. What hinders the co-operative work that shall realize the prophecy of Hebrew David, when he sang that charming strain, —

> "Mercy and Truth are met together;
> Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other.
> Truth shall spring out of the earth;
> And Righteousness shall look down from Heaven."

Art. V. — THE LAST PHASE OF ATHEISM.

Le Bouddha et sa Religion. Par J. B. St. Hilaire. Paris. 1860.

The *Renaissance Orientale*, as it has been termed, is a strange phase of contemporary thought. In Eugene Burnouf, France may claim, perhaps, to have produced the ablest Orientalist of the day; but it is in Arthur Schopenhauer that the philosophy of the East has found its fullest recognition in Europe. According to the philologers of Berlin, also, it is from India that the last word of wisdom is to come to us, not, like Christianity, corrupted on its way, but fresh with the vigorous thought and the profounder intuitions of the earliest ages and the wisest men.

M. Foucher de Careil, indeed, cannot express his surprise at the progress of Oriental studies in Germany. The philologers seemed to him, during a recent visit at Berlin, to have de-

throned the philosophers. Around the tea-tables of Albrecht Weber and of Kuhn were assembled daily both Sanscrit and Semitic scholars to discuss the doctrines of Nirvana or Dyana, together with the most delicate questions in morals and philosophy. He found himself at once, as it were, among the catechumens of Buddha. "Scratch a German," said a clever diplomate to him, his neighbor on one occasion, "and you will find an ancient follower of Buddha, — a sincere believer in transmigrations and anterior existences. The Germans of the Spree and the Hindoos of the Ganges seem to have had a common origin, and upon that fact their men of letters found pretensions which recall the pride of caste. The Indo-Germanic race of which they claim to be the direct heirs, is the representative to them of all grand speculation and poetry and art." That the German nation, however, sees in the alliance of Kant and Buddha the germ of the progress of the world, is of course an exaggeration; but that there exists to-day, not merely in Germany, although there it has received its profoundest development, but among the intellectual classes of France and England as well, a school of philosophy founded upon the deplorable doctrine of Evil, can admit of no doubt whatever.

Leben ist Leiden, says Schopenhauer. *Vivre c'est attendre*, says Lamartine. We do not ascend, if slowly yet always, towards love and intelligence; we descend, suddenly and at once, into death and nothingness. Brahminism is better than Christianity, because pessimism is truer than optimism. The only morality of life, — it is the recognition of evil. The only religion, — it is the worship of grief. Talk not of progress, of human perfectibility. The triumph of democracy, — it is barbarism. The French Revolution, — it was cannibalism.

Such are the doctrines which, like the poisoned zephyrs that were thought to waft the plague from land to land, are now exhaling the perfume of death upon many of the ablest minds of the age. There is a cholera for the soul, says a French critic, as well as for the body. But the philosophy of which the negation of happiness is the supreme doctrine, in finding its fullest exposition, as it has done in Schopenhauer, seems to us to be on the way to its final condemnation, to its inevita-

ble expulsion from the minds of men. In a certain sense it may be true that man is a sinner by the sad inheritance of his race, even before being so in his own experience; and it is quite easy to understand how Schopenhauer, misled by the manner in which the consciousness of sin has been intensified in the speculations of Protestant theologians and the practices of Catholic superstition, should have declared that it was its pessimistic principles alone which made Christianity superior both to Judaism and Paganism. But it would be difficult to prove that the strongest and most durable religious societies have been founded upon a basis of pessimism and the idea of sin, or that contempt for itself has been the conservative principle of mankind.

Yet Schopenhauer, with his bitter misanthropy and his fierce despair, was not an accident in the West. He did but give expression, unhesitating and exhaustive, to that singular discontent which in the midst of a material age is always sure to find its way to the surface as a protest against the optimism of indulgence, while it justifies itself by philosophy against the established religion, which in ceasing to be an element of life has become an encumbrance to thought. Thus it is the evil of the times that the doctrines which are the foundation of Buddhism make up in great part the creed of that unhappy class, headed by a handful of German philologers, which is ready to deny what it cannot explain, and eager to insist upon theories before it has half mastered the facts, — which, upon evidence as limited in extent as it is doubtful in character, substitutes for the immortality of the soul the immortality of matter, or dethrones God in order to prove that man is the only being in whom the infinite is first conscious of itself. Sometimes it is in the name of science, sometimes in that of history or metaphysics, that these theories assert their existence; but in all of them will be found at last some trace of those fearful doctrines which took definite shape so many centuries ago in the Buddhism of India, and which, encouraged as they are by certain tendencies of the human mind, will not disappear till a thorough display of their consequences shall have brought out into its brightest light the necessity not less than the holiness of the faith they deny, — till history has

ceased to be, as Schopenhauer declared, the long and troubled dream of humanity, but has fulfilled the profounder affirmation of Hegel by becoming to society what reason is to the individual.

It is a favorite defence, however, of every new system of philosophy, to exhibit a confirmation of it in the experience of mankind. And it was for the purpose of finding this consecration that Schopenhauer resorted to the ancient teachings of India. The audacity of its despair fascinated his gloomy mind. The Vedas became his Bible. Our age, in his opinion, was destined to receive from Sanscrit literature an influence equal to that which the sixteenth century received from the Greek. In nothing, indeed, was the infatuation into which his long course of solitary and cynic thought had plunged him so evident as in this blind faith in the Renaissance of the East. It was in an age of intense intellectual activity that the Greek literature was first born into the world, and its second birth was possible only under the same conditions. It was not till the torpor of the Middle Age had been broken up, till the new time, with its fresh energy and its grand enthusiasm, had stirred the souls of men, that Greece reappeared in Italy, and the civilization of Europe, blossoming in the humanities and in art, was established upon a durable basis. But the literature of the East, embodying its religion we know not for how many centuries in that silent, changeless life which is itself as the shadow of death, — what has it to show as the fruit of its transcendent speculation and its subtile analysis, but the spectacle of India helpless in the grasp of a dozen British regiments, or of China drunk with opium?

But the singular phase of thought of which Schopenhauer and the philologers of Berlin are now the representatives, cannot be understood without a knowledge of the Oriental doctrines they reproduce; and from the briefest sketch of these it cannot but be obvious how the last phase of atheism was also the first phase.

The distinctive characteristic of the East is that sublime ardor of the soul which nothing but the infinite can satisfy. Brahma, the active principle of the universe, is not more mind than matter, not more life and activity than immobility and

slumber: it is the universe itself, from which everything proceeds, and to which everything returns. And this alternation of expansion and contraction, of light and darkness, of activity and repose, is what we call creation and dissolution, life and death. After having created the world and me, says Manou, he whose power is incomprehensible was absorbed in the supreme soul, and creation was displaced by dissolution. When he wakes again, the world renews its life. And thus, by alternate sleeping and waking, the eternal Being gives life or death to all this assemblage of earthly things.

In such a religion, of course, individual liberty is annihilated. Types, not persons, remain. Hence the idea of caste, the fundamental institution of Brahminism. The Brahmin is of right lord and master of all created things, for men are the first among intelligent beings, and the Brahmin is first among men. And the end of his life is to return into the bosom of this infinite Being, this incomprehensible source, this substance indefinable. The creation of an unknown power, unable to alter or indeed to conceive his destiny, a phantom which comes and goes like the morning vapor, without inspiration, without personality, the Brahmin was stripped of his conscience and paralyzed in his will, and the civilization of Brahminism was stagnant and cruel.

But apart from its deadening political influence in making necessity the basis of society, there was inevitably also a mystical element in Brahminism, for mysticism is never long separated from pantheism. If all men were formed of the same substance, it was for the common benefit of all to throw off the burdens of this life, in order to meet in the bosom of the Infinite. And it was this element which found its full development in Buddhism. In its origin a reform of Brahminism, Buddhism is now its irreconcilable enemy, admitting no distinctions of caste, no impure races, no Çoûdras, no Pariahs, — affirming that all men proceed from the same source and tend to the same end. Buddhism is not, however, a heresy like that of Arius, or a reform like that of Luther; it is rather, says another French scholar, like the grand revolution accomplished for the Jews in Christianity. Founded at Benares, the sacred city of the Brahmins, in the seventh century

before Christ, it was first propagated in the North of India, — and there is reason, says Emile Burnouf, to suppose that Alexander the Great found it, three centuries later, in the upper valleys of the Indus. At first despised by the Brahmins, as one of the many heresies which were constantly springing up, it was nevertheless received with enthusiasm by the kings, whom it delivered from the yoke of the priests, and by the people, whom it promised to redeem from misery. In time it would doubtless have been master of India; but after twelve centuries of existence the Brahmins declared against it a war of extermination, and it was expelled from the country. But it passed over to Ceylon, and spread through Thibet and the Birman empire and Japan, and, displacing among the masses of China the too elevated philosophy of Confucius, it is the faith to-day, according to Professor Neumann, of three hundred and sixty-nine millions of human beings, or, as a recent French writer estimates, of a fourth, perhaps a third, of the population of the world.

Buddha is not, as is generally supposed, the name of a man. It is a title signifying simply *the sage*, — wisdom itself incarnate in man, manifesting itself on earth whenever men are so sunk in ignorance and corruption as to need its regenerating power. The world has already been visited by several Buddhas, and will yet again be visited by others. But history preserves the name of the last alone, Çâkya-Mouni, who is supposed to have died about 544 B. C.

According to Buddhism, says Mr. Spence Hardy, there is no creator, no being that is self-existent and eternal, and no such monad as an immaterial soul. All sentient beings are homogeneous, the only difference between them consisting in degree of merit. The power that controls the universe and each being in it is Karma, but the manner in which it originated cannot now be ascertained. All that is known to Buddhism is, that each being receives from the Karma of the previous being that has given it life the aggregate of the qualities good or bad existing at its death, and that the cause of the continuance of existence is ignorance. From ignorance springs merit and demerit; from these, consciousness; from consciousness, body and mind, and afterwards the organs of sense.

From the last arises contact; from contact, desire; from desire, sensation; from sensation, the cleaving to existing objects; from that, reproduction; from reproduction, disease, decay, and death. But, abstract as they may seem, the doctrines of Buddha were rather moral than metaphysical. There are few religions, indeed, which repose upon so small a number of dogmas. In the first stage of its history it was enough to believe that Buddha was a man who had attained a degree of intelligence and virtue which every one might propose to himself as an example, and Buddhism consisted in the practice of the simplest rules of morality. But at a later period, when its dogmas had become developed, morality, though it did not disappear, ceased to be its principal object.

The visible world, according to Buddhism, was a perpetual change, life succeeding death, and death life. Man, like everything which surrounded him, revolved in an eternal circle of transmigration, passing successively through all forms of life, from the most elementary to the most perfect, — the place which he occupied in this vast ocean of living beings depending upon the merit or demerit of his actions. But the rewards of heaven, like the punishments of hell, had only a limited duration; time exhausted equally the merit of good, and effaced the guilt of bad actions. To escape this prevailing law of transmigration which he accepted — not, like that of Plato, with the moral idea (however imperfect) of expiation, but necessary and eternal — was the effort of Çâkya-Mouni, and his originality consisted only in the new means of liberation he devised by throwing off all that was personal, by destroying in one's self all the attributes that distinguish one from others; that is, by renunciation, annihilation. His secret was *Nirvana*, or extinction. But if the object of life is the systematic suppression of all the faculties, it follows that there can be nothing true or real in the world, — only appearances. The phenomena of nature are but illusions, which through our weakness only have become realities. From this mistaking appearances for realities arises indeed that very consciousness of ourselves which distinguishes us from other beings. It is the attachment we have to the senses that makes their existence. It was not the object, therefore, of Buddhism to regulate the

passions, but to extinguish them. And how definite and absolute an annihilation was Nirvana of all the elements that compose existence may be inferred from the opinion that the evils which Buddhism came to cure — birth, sickness, old age, and death — had no beginning.

Yet there is no trace of God in Buddhism. It has not even the confused and vague notion of the universal Spirit in which, according to Brahminism, the human soul will lose itself at last. It makes no distinction between mind and matter. Thrown into a world he cannot understand, under the weight of infirmities he cannot endure, the only object of Çâkya-Mouni was to escape the punishment he was undergoing. The people, therefore, who received his faith never thought of making of him a God, for the notion of God was foreign to his creed, since Buddhism teaches that when Çâkya-Mouni ceased to exist on earth he ceased to exist forever. Yet I do not hesitate to say, writes M. St. Hilaire, excepting Christ alone, there is among the founders of religion no one figure purer or more affecting than that of Çâkya-Mouni. Exhibiting all the virtues he inculcated, his life was without fault, and his heroism was equal to his conviction. He made no promises of earthly rewards, — either of riches or of power. The path of virtue and knowledge was the path, not to glory, but to nothingness. Not being by his nature distinct from matter, but rather the *avatár* or impersonation of the evil principle of matter, the life of man could be nothing but an incessant struggle between the body and its passions.

Mortification of his nature was therefore the chief duty and the final object of life. The believers in Buddha were to wear nothing but rags or a shroud, to live without shelter and by alms, to meditate in cemeteries, to practise the most rigid abstinence, and to preserve the austerest silence. Instead of accusing his oppressor, the true Buddhist was to accuse himself; the insults and the outrage which he might experience, so far from being avenged, were to be accepted as the proper chastisement of the faults which he had committed in a former existence. Hence the abject submission of the many, and the fearful despotism of the few. And hence also, we may add, that sombre veil which Buddhism throws over life, together

with its inconsolable sadness; for the idea of good, which always banishes scepticism, is confounded with that of reward, which admits it. In the material world, with its ceaseless play of forces, you can deny the existence of good and evil, but in man it is impossible to do so; for in the face of conscience one must believe in something besides the senses, — and Buddha believed in evil. Yet he had the power to work miracles, not by virtue of his divinity, but by virtue of his knowledge. The faith in miracles, however, it will be remembered, was common in India; to reject it would have been to disarm himself in the presence of Brahminism. Buddha surpassed others in power, because he surpassed them in virtue.

Buddhism is therefore not philosophy in the sense in which that word is commonly understood, nor religion in the sense in which Paganism was a religion to the Greeks, or Christianity is a religion to us. It was something apart from and above both, recognizing only man in the universe, and pushing to its farthest limit that idea of unity of substance which in comparison with the intrepidity of Buddhism has been so feebly developed by Spinoza and the modern pantheists. M. Abel Rémusat declares that the Chinese, the Tartars, and the Mongols have no word in their language to express the idea of God. To use the words of M. St. Hilaire, Buddhism is spirituality without a soul, virtue without duty, morality without liberty, charity without love, and a world without God. Like the systems which in our day have sought to reduce man to a level with the brutes, it is built upon a partial and one-sided view of his nature. It ignores psychology as a science, because it denies the existence of the soul as a fact; and it not only throws into confusion all the relations of man to nature, vast and subtile as they are, but perverts those fundamental distinctions in morals without which the world is a serted and life a horror untold.

Yet there is a certain grandeur in the earnestness and the courage with which Buddha followed his principles to their end. Only the moral purity and elevation of Buddhism could have enabled it to triumph in the face of a society founded upon iniquity and violence. Its charity is saintly, — its humility leads to confession. Twice in the month, at the new

and full moon, and with a loud voice, the believer is to confess his sins. "Let your life be a hiding of your good works and a proclaiming of your sins," says Buddha. The Brahmins reproached Çâkya-Mouni with admitting to his conversation and discipleship men of the lowest degree. "My law," he replied, "is a law of grace for all." Knowing the state of society in which it appeared and has existed, we cannot wonder that it counts monasteries by thousands and cenobites by millions; that the statue of Çâkya-Mouni is in every sanctuary, and that it is to him, the last incarnation of wisdom, that prayers are daily addressed in innumerable temples as to that eternal Reason which, surviving the changes of nature, has manifested itself in human form.

The doctrine of the absorption of the soul in the universal Being is not peculiar to Brahminism. It has been at all times the creed of all mystics. It was taught by the Sufis of Persia, and the Therapeutists of Egypt, as well as by the Essenes of Palestine and the philosophers of Alexandria. And in Christian Europe it is found in every school of mysticism, from Amaury de Chartres to Madame Guyon. That the world is but nothingness and life but misery, that the reason is an illusion and liberty a chimera, — such has been from the beginning and still is the monotonous lament of mysticism. But, Buddhism is not mysticism, nor can it be considered a religion, poisoned as it is at the source, with corruption and death in all its tendencies. Forgetting that man is an intelligent and a free being, it teaches contempt of the human person, and abasement of the human will. It proclaims the necessity of purity, but in degrading human nature is itself a moral contamination. It insists upon love, but in holding that life itself is a pollution, it blasts the very affections it inculcates. Yet, with all its defects, Buddhism was a great advance upon Brahminism. For the pride of caste it substituted the equality of man. In the presence of sorrow, all men are equal, says Buddha. It introduced penitence and prayer; and finally it replaced the bloody cult of Djâgannatha — the throwing off a life of sin — by the simple laying of flowers before the statue of Buddha.

That Buddhism, however, as it is now reproduced in Europe,

can long stand the light of day, is of course out of the question; but it remains nevertheless a curious fact, which deserves more study than it has received, that its essential principles of pessimism — that fatal premonition of intellectual torpor and of moral death — should make their appearance in the midst of the exuberant activity and the exultant hopes of an age like ours. We are assured by an intelligent missionary long resident in Ceylon, that in the East the advancement of Christianity will have an effect upon the literature of Asia similar to that which it had upon the classics when it first began to grapple with the religions of Greece and Rome, preserving the wisdom it supplemented, and showing the way out of the vices it denounced. But the West also still waits for its redemption, not as of old through a purer moral doctrine, but through a political revelation, like that which we in America, it may be, are now chosen of God to announce. In the worn-out political society of Europe, darkened with the thunder-clouds of revolution, ever ready to burst, it may be a relief to many minds in grim despair to embrace the worship of Evil. But the genius of the New World will permit no such pollution. Of the two doctrines given to man to live by, it has chosen, not that of Evil, — older than Schopenhauer by all the centuries of Hindoo chronology and all the ages of the world, — but that of Good, younger and more resplendent with every battle lost and every victory won.

Art. VI. — HAWTHORNE.

The Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 14 vols. 1864.

The little that has been published of "The Dolliver Romance" makes it more evident than it was before, if that were necessary, that, when Hawthorne died, American literature sustained the greatest loss that has ever befallen it. One is tempted to say, — even in these days, when the turmoil of a gigantic war is shaking the continent to its centre, when the temper of earnest men grows stern, and mere literature seems at some moments so trifling a vanity and conceit, — that there is but one man living whom the country could so ill afford to lose as this strange, wayward, fitful, unreasonable poet and dreamer, who sneered at the war and at the great nation that is waging it, with the pettishness of a spoiled child. For the war with all its greatness is but for a time, and the portion of the national character which it stimulates and educates, even though it be the heroic portion, is still not the whole. And when the war shall have ended, and our politics have become less stormy and momentous, there will be felt a vacuum in the national life, so long crammed with the feverish interests which are born of revolutions, which should be filled with the creations of a strong, pure, and elevated national literature, — an American literature, as distinct from that of all the rest of the world as the literature of England is distinct from that of France or Germany. Now if this country has ever brought forth one writer whose genius was American from the foundation, and not English, that writer was Nathaniel Hawthorne. We remember being very much provoked some years ago by a characteristic article in one of the English quarterlies, in which the reviewer, running over the list of noted American authors, quietly set them all down as reflections, each in his own sphere, of some brighter light in the British firmament. "The relation of Longfellow to Tennyson, of Prescott to Macaulay, of Cooper to Scott, of Emerson to Carlyle, &c., &c., was a constant relation," — and much more to the same purpose, which was not

the less provoking that it was not altogether capable of denial. The complacent critic would doubtless, had the problem been given him, have undertaken to find the fourth term in a proportion like this: —

Prescott : Macaulay : : Hawthorne : *x*,

and we should have been interested to see the result. Whatever may be said of any other writer, Hawthorne was a light unto himself; in thought, method, conception, style, and motive, he was

"*Besonders, ungemischt, und nur sich selber gleich.*"

He rose so silently and so gradually, that he had become a star of the first magnitude before he was generally known, and nothing can be more amusing than the quiet humor with which, after the success of his first great romance, he describes, in the Preface to a newly collected edition of his "Twice-Told Tales," the obscurity which they failed to illuminate. The brilliant qualities which took the public by storm in his first romance he has never suffered to grow dim. His last work — alas that it should remain a fragment! — bade fair to be the finest product of his mind, and the sense of loss becomes heavy indeed, when, in reading it, we reflect upon what the ripe age of such a writer would have given us.

An author with such abilities, and so careful in the use of them, is a perpetual stimulus and provocative to the intellect of a people; and yet it is not alone on that account that we feel his loss to be so great a misfortune, for the national intellect is active enough, and there is no fear that we shall not by and by have men of letters, who, in point of mental strength, of knowledge, and of imagination, will bear comparison with those of any other people. But Hawthorne, besides all the rest that he accomplished, set his brother authors an example of which they promise for yet another generation to stand in sore need, — the example of an English style which has never been excelled for absolute purity, and for the union of elegance and force.

This great merit of Hawthorne has never yet been fairly stated. An accomplished essayist did indeed, we believe, once venture to intimate that he sometimes rivalled, or even sur-

passed, the felicity of Addison; but he evidently did not expect to be believed, and perhaps did not fully believe himself. He might have put it more strongly. Addison, like most of the literary celebrities of his age, has always been greatly overrated. His style has the sweetness of honey, but lacking ideas; his beautiful sentences cloy as speedily as that delectable product. It is quite possible to write better English than Addison, without approaching the standard which Hawthorne set up. We do not, of course, take into the comparison the didactic or historic writers, as Burke, or Gibbon, or Macaulay, whose magnificent periods put them, as it were by main strength, at the head of the list. These are the masters of what Scott would call the "big bow-wow style." But Hawthorne is to be measured by the side of the great examples of *imaginative* literature; and, in such a comparison, who will not say that the most brilliant of these writers, that Addison or Goldsmith, Dickens or Thackeray, does not pale before the grace, the power, the color, the perfect ease of Hawthorne?

Bulwer has somewhere divided novels into three classes, — the familiar, the picturesque, and the intellectual. If Hawthorne were to be called a novelist, the classification would need a revision, for his works are both picturesque and intellectual, and yet are so original, and so marked in their originality, as to form a class by themselves. Versatile he can certainly not be called; but this has come to be an epithet of doubtful significance, from having been so often applied to writers who, having no perceptible ability in any direction, are as good, or, as we might better say, as indifferent, in one as in another. Hawthorne is not a versatile writer; the movement is the same in all his stories, — we might almost say the key is the same in all, — a minor key, with variations and changes of wonderful power and beauty, but minor still, and full of a strange sadness and a stranger terror, which haunt one as in the most mournful and fantastic of Chopin's melodies.

For the most part, there is little of what is properly called plot in his romances. He is generally content with creating a limited number of principal characters, connected with or bound to each other in some extraordinary fashion, and with

some pervading mystery, inevitably involving more or less of horror, which complicates and embarrasses their intercourse, — and then placing them in a succession of strange situations which develop in the most unusual manner the psychological traits with which he has endowed them, and the various passions, of fear, shame, grief, anger, revenge, amazement, — but seldom of joy, — in the portrayal of which he has displayed so remarkable a power.

A brief analysis of his principal works will show how peculiar and invariable is this method.

Up to the age of forty-six, Hawthorne's literary reputation rested entirely on the little tales and sketches which he had contributed to various magazines and annuals, and which have since become so popular under the happy titles of "Twice-Told Tales," and "Mosses from an Old Manse." A more sombre collection of little stories surely never was gathered together; but in the midst of their sombreness we find the same exquisite delicacy of fancy, the same fondness for abnormal conditions of mind, and the same beauty of expression (though, perhaps, not in the same degree of perfection), which afterwards found larger scope in the romances which have carried his name as far as the language is known. In 1850 appeared "The Scarlet Letter," followed in 1851 by "The House of the Seven Gables," and in 1852 by "The Blithedale Romance." This was his period of greatest productiveness, — the epoch, generally brief in the life of every literary producer, when his power and fertility of imagination are at flood. Success appeared to stimulate him, and in the later of his works is discernible a confidence in his position before the public, and an enjoyment and freedom in the consciousness of it, which cannot be traced in his earlier writings. The Liverpool Consulate broke disastrously in upon this productiveness, and during the four years of its duration he appears to have written nothing. His whimsical picture, in the introduction to the Scarlet Letter, of the complete suspension of the imaginative faculty within him during the period of his sojourn in the Custom-House at Salem, is probably not much exaggerated, and will doubtless apply equally well to his second period of public service.

"My imagination was a tarnished mirror. It would not reflect, or only with miserable dimness, the figures with which I did my best to people it. The characters of the narrative would not be warmed and rendered malleable by any heat that I could kindle at my intellectual forge. They would take neither the glow of passion, nor the tenderness of sentiment, but retained all the rigidity of dead corpses, and stared me in the face with a fixed and ghastly grin of contemptuous defiance. 'What have you to do with us?' that expression seemed to say. 'The little power you might once have possessed over the tribe of unrealities is gone! You have bartered it for a pittance of the public gold. Go then and earn your wages!' In short, the almost torpid creatures of my own fancy twitted me with imbecility, and not without fair occasion. . . . . An entire class of susceptibilities, and a gift connected with them, — of no great richness or value, but the best I had, — was gone from me!"

But with the administration of Pierce his consular experience terminated, and he soon afterward travelled as far as Italy, where for a considerable time he resided, and where the half-extinguished flame of his imagination was kindled anew amid the quiet fascinations of Italian country life. Here he wrote "The Marble Faun, or the Romance of Monte Beni," published in England under the title of "Transformation." This was his last romance, and was the most elaborate and in some respects the most remarkable of his works, although differing from the others in character mainly in this, — that for the first time the writer had left the soil of New England, and seemed to seek a wider liberty in the accessories of European scenery and manners. The passion for psychological mystery, for a muffled supernaturalism, reappears in the old manner and with all the old power. We shall examine briefly this peculiarity of Hawthorne's genius as it exhibits itself in these four romances.

Of the four, the earliest is in every way, as we think, the most perfect, — in boldness of conception, in purity both of thought and of style, in the completeness and compactness of its plot, in the beauty and appropriateness of its accessories, and in the splendor of diction, never for a moment swelling into "fine writing," with which the capital points of the story are presented to the reader. There is in this romance less of mystery than in either of the others, or rather the mystery is of a less

extraordinary and fearful description, and is not for the bewilderment of the reader so much as for that of the characters of the story. But the more readily the secret is discovered by the reader, the more strongly is he impressed with the intense melancholy of the whole history; — a melancholy not so much of sorrow as of despair; a gloom without hope of light, and which the bright flashes of humor which abound in almost every chapter seem only to make the more dense and depressing. A woman, young, beautiful, and of a noble and loving nature, has, in the midst of the sternest Puritan society that ever existed, yielded to a temptation which the Puritan discipline was ill calculated to disarm, and is doomed thenceforth to a life-long remorse and ignominy. Doomed equally to a life-long remorse is the partner of her crime, — a remorse all the more terrible and harrowing that the ignominy is spared him. We can scarcely recall a more pathetic and tragical scene in all literature than that in which Hester Prynne, standing on the platform of the pillory, in the old Puritan town, with her child in her arms, the Governor and the chief dignitaries of the settlement sitting in state in the balcony above her head, and the whole population of the joyless town gazing at the scarlet symbol on her breast, is exhorted by the saintly young minister to confess aloud the father of her child. And what a pathos in the few words of his little speech.

"The Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale bent his head, in silent prayer as it seemed, and then came forward.

"'Hester Prynne,' said he, leaning over the balcony and looking down steadfastly into her eyes, 'thou hearest what this good man says, and seest the accountability under which I labor. If thou feelest it to be for thy soul's peace, and that thy earthly punishment will thereby be made more effectual for salvation, I charge thee to speak out the name of thy fellow-sinner and fellow-sufferer! Be not silent from any mistaken pity and tenderness for him, for believe me, Hester, though he were to step down from a high place, and stand there beside thee on thy pedestal of shame, yet better were it so than to hide a guilty heart through life. What can thy silence do for him, except it tempt him — yea, compel him as it were — to add hypocrisy to sin? Heaven hath granted thee an open ignominy, that thereby thou mayst work out an open triumph over the evil within thee and the sorrow without. Take heed how thou deniest to him — who, perchance, hath not the courage

to grasp it for himself — the bitter but wholesome cup that is now presented to thy lips!'"

She will not confess, and goes back alone into her dungeon. Meanwhile the husband, to whose age her youth had been united in a foreign land, comes upon the scene. There is an interview between them in the prison, in which Hester again refuses, once for all, the information so eagerly desired. The term of her sentence at length expires. The poor mother comes forth from her prison, and begins the sad life of an outcast in the midst of the community which has learned to shun and despise her. From this moment the only interest of the *plot* lies in the husband's efforts to make a certainty of his suspicions in regard to the minister. But the real interest lies not in the plot, but in the portrayal of the changing emotions and passions of these three unhappy persons; — the agony of mingled remorse, shame, and terror in the breast of the young minister, who, in his lofty position, fixed in the love and reverence of the whole community, feels dimly that he is hunted by a half-recognized but implacable enemy; the stealthy fierceness of the injured husband, who pursues his victim with a cruelty as merciless and deadly as it is refined, and in the pursuit gradually transforms himself into an Iago, or a Mephistophiles; and the patient, passive suffering of the wretched Hester, compelled to witness this dreadful and secret tragedy, and powerless to avert its catastrophe.

It will be seen at once how little opportunity for relief this plan affords; but in truth it seems that no relief is desired, — unless the strange character of little Pearl may be felt as a relief, which can hardly be the case, so fatally are all her little whims and caprices directed towards the very centre of the great drama. In other hands than Hawthorne's such a story would be intolerable from the depth and intensity of its gloom. What saves it from being so in the present case, and makes it, instead, one of the most fascinating of narratives, is the exquisite grace of thought and language which clothes the dismal scenes, the dramatic power with which the most tremendous passions of the human heart are exhibited, and, lastly, the skill with which the story is compressed within the narrowest limits. Even Hawthorne would, we fear, fail to keep

his readers with him through three volumes of such a mournful history. Short as it is, however, it is alone sufficient to make and fix the reputation of its author. Its three great situations, — the exposure on the pillory, at the beginning; the "flood of sunshine" in the forest, when the tortured man and woman, mad with pain and grief and the utter loneliness and strange horror of their position, meet once more without reserve, and recover for one short hour the bloom of youth and happiness, as they reassure each other of their eternal love; and, finally, the closing catastrophe, where the scene returns to the scaffold, where it opened, and shows us the dying minister, fresh from the triumph of his eloquence in the church, standing up before the astounded crowd with Hester at his side, and the baffled avenger scowling darkly upon him, and revealing the whole dreadful secret of seven years; — these three scenes we believe to be unequalled by any others in the whole range of romantic literature. Victor Hugo has equalled them in power, but never in delicacy and beauty. Tennyson may have surpassed them in poetic expression, but has never approached them in intensity of pathos. And there is no single scene in any novel which we have been fortunate enough to see, which can reasonably be compared to them as indicating the union of the most remarkable power of imagination with the most splendid power of language. Here is a single passage from the second of these scenes. Hester has thrown away the hideous letter: —

"The stigma gone, Hester heaved a long, deep sigh, in which the burden of shame and anguish departed from her spirit. O exquisite relief! She had not known the weight until she felt the freedom! By another impulse, she took off the formal cap that confined her hair, and down it fell upon her shoulders, dark and rich, with at once a shadow and a light in its abundance, and imparting the charm of softness to her features. There played around her mouth and beamed out of her eyes a radiant and tender smile, that seemed gushing from the very heart of womanhood. A crimson flush was glowing on her cheek that had been long so pale. Her sex, her youth, and the whole richness of her beauty, came back from what men call the irrevocable past, and clustered themselves with her maiden hope, and a happiness before unknown, within the magic circle of this hour. And as if the gloom of the earth and sky had been but the effluence of these two mortal hearts, it vanished

with their sorrow. All at once, as with a sudden smile of heaven, forth burst the sunshine, pouring a very flood into the obscure forest, gladdening each green leaf, transmuting the yellow fallen ones to gold, and gleaming adown the gray trunks of the solemn trees. The objects that had made a shadow hitherto embodied the brightness now. The course of the little brook might be traced by its merry gleam afar into the wood's heart of mystery, which had become a mystery of joy.

"Such was the sympathy of Nature — that wild heathen Nature of the forest, never subjugated by human law nor illumined by higher truth — with the bliss of these two spirits. Love, whether newly born, or aroused from a death-like slumber, must always create a sunshine, filling the heart so full of radiance that it overflows upon the outer world. Had the forest still kept its gloom, it would have been bright in Hester's eyes, and bright in Arthur Dimmesdale's."

"The House of the Seven Gables" is less dreadful than its predecessor, but is also, as a work of art, decidedly its inferior. The fortunes of the Pyncheon family, from the building of the stately mansion to its abandonment, are related with wonderful ease and skill, and the crime which still makes the key-note of the composition is veiled in a most admirably contrived mystery; but there is less simplicity and unity than in "The Scarlet Letter," and more conformity with the common usage of novelists, in bringing all to a sudden and happy ending. There is a wicked old judge, who has been the nightmare of the family for a generation, who has kept the rightful heir in prison for thirty years on a false conviction of murder, which he has himself procured, and who dies in his chair by a timely stroke of apoplexy, and in the old mansion which he has invaded with fell intent to complete the final ruin of his victim. There is a bright little Pyncheon maiden, who marries with great satisfaction the sole remaining heir of the family which was so grievously wronged at the hands of the original Pyncheon, and whose history since has been mysteriously interwoven with that of his descendants. There is a dim and forlorn "old maid Pyncheon," who is reduced, not more by pride and poverty than by the noblest devotion, to set up a cent-shop in the old family mansion, which she inhabits alone; but who, by the providential death of her cousin, the judge, comes at last into possession of the wealth that should

have been hers in her youth. And there is a little urchin who is the most prominent and interesting customer of the cent-shop, who devours whole caravans of camels and elephants in gingerbread, not to mention an occasional locomotive and whale, and is made happy at the close by a donation from the kind old lady, sufficient to sate his immeasurable appetite for an indefinite length of time. So we close this book, not in tears but in smiles, notwithstanding the blackness of the shadows by which in its perusal we have been often surrounded.

But in "The Blithedale Romance" we are again plunged into gloom, — a gloom not indeed so rayless as in "The Scarlet Letter," but sufficiently dark to generate a more dreadful catastrophe even than that of the dying Mr. Dimmesdale. Here, crime is not the foundation, but the result of the history. This book created perhaps a greater interest in New England than either of its forerunners, on account of the slender thread which connected it with the famous enterprise at Brook Farm, and the expectation of those who were familiar with the history of that notable experiment that some reflection of its prominent actors might be found in the pages of the romance. The expectation was hardly gratified, except by the slightest and most subtile allusion here and there; and indeed the action of the story is scarcely dependent on the "foundation in fact" of which the author gave his work the benefit, but might, so far as concerns the fortunes of the principal personages, have proceeded just as well on any other foundation.

This is the only work of Hawthorne's which can properly be called a love-story; but it is far enough from being an ordinary love-story. For it is singularly characteristic of the peculiar nature of Hawthorne's genius, that, though he has in this romance given us the outline of a plot which would have sufficed even for a novel of Charles Reade's, he has been himself so careless of his plot as to condense nearly the whole of it into a single explanatory chapter of great interest and beauty, — the story of Fauntleroy; while in the chief portion of the book he concerns himself, as usual, much less with the incidents through which his plot is developed, than with the emotions they awaken in the breasts of his characters, but

principally with the strange contest between the two sisters for the love of the shaggy philanthropist, who, being self-centred, and bent only on reforming the world by theory, had no love to give to either, until he had all at once the good fortune to rescue the gentle Priscilla from the baneful influence to which, by an extraordinary complication of relationships, she had been long subject; when — whether on the general principle that we love those whom we have greatly helped, or from finding how complete was his own sovereignty in her gentle heart, does not quite appear — he discovered at last that he loved Priscilla. Then comes the tragedy. The proud Zenobia, unable to bear the grief and humiliation of her lot, seeks for rest beneath the black waters of the river. The chapter which describes the recovery of the body, at midnight, by the man for whose love she had died, is perhaps not surpassed in intensity by anything even in Hawthorne's pages. A cold, shuddering horror pervades every line of it, and yet there is no horror expressed. Its tone is that of the quietest of narratives, and offers thus a lesson to those artists who cannot believe in intensity without violent action. Mr. Conway has said, we believe, that this account was written after an actual midnight search, in which Hawthorne assisted, for the body of a young girl of the village in which he lived. We are reminded of the story of Rachel studying death in the hospitals of Paris; but we do not know that the fact takes anything from the merit of this wonderful description, which consists not in the action, but in the power which makes the reader a participant in the heart-breaking grief of each of the actors in the tragedy.

"The Marble Faun" appeared, as we have said, after an interval of seven or eight years, — a period long enough, especially when spent in foreign countries, for many changes in the mind of an author. The circumstances under which it was composed exercised of necessity an influence upon the form and manner of the book, inducing much of description, of art criticism, of quiet reflection, apart from the march of the narrative, and giving the work an air of leisure and deliberation, in place of the concentration and intensity of his former romances. It is much the longest of Mr. Hawthorne's works,

and certainly the most elaborate and ambitious; yet we should hesitate to pronounce it superior on the whole to any of those which preceded it. It has even more than the common infusion of mystery which is inseparable from all the conceptions of its author; in this case, indeed, the mystery is double, or even triple, and is strongly tinged with the indefinable and weird psychology which makes so many of Hawthorne's pages produce the effect of a sketch by Doré. The dual nature of Donatello, the former life of Miriam, and her connection with the model, the fate of Miriam and Donatello, — these are puzzles which remain unexplained even at the close. Indeed, the facility of Mr. Hawthorne in this kind of invention was never more freely exercised than at the end of the second volume, where three at least of the four personages of the story are made to accomplish the most impossible appearances and disappearances, enveloped in impenetrable clouds of secrecy, and in a way which, at any hands less skilful than those of Hawthorne, would be extremely exasperating to all orderly and amenable readers. The charm of this book, however, as of all the others, is not disturbed by any of these minor eccentricities, or even absurdities, of action, but is to be looked for in the little traits by the way, the glimpses of human nature wrought upon by strange and commonly dark and painful emotions; notably in the case of Donatello, in whose nature the transformation which was effected by the double influence of his love for Miriam and his remorse for the crime to which it had impelled him forms the principal thread of the story. Then there are a hundred passages, quite aside from the general movement of the narrative, — passages of description, as of Italian scenery or antiquities, — passages of reflection or curious and intricate speculation, — which are so exquisitely graceful and delicate in fancy and style, that they would redeem more absurdities than can fairly be charged against the plot. We will give a single example, familiar enough doubtless to most of our readers, but which can hardly be read too often. The text is Miriam mending a torn glove.

"There is something extremely pleasant, and even touching, — at least of very sweet, soft, and winning effect, — in this peculiarity of

needle-work, distinguishing women from men. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play, aside from the main business of life; but women — be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty — have always some little handiwork ready to fill the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen no doubt plies it on occasion; the woman-poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have greatly the advantage of us in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences of which do so much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker-chair of the humblest seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics, when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew; especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than while so occupied.

"And when the work falls in a woman's lap of its own accord, and the needle involuntarily ceases to fly, it is a sign of trouble quite as trustworthy as the throb of the heart itself."

Such passages as this, and many more as beautiful which we should be glad to quote if we had the space, make the lights of this history, whose shadow is nothing less dark than that of murder. It is worth observing, that each of the four romances which we have so imperfectly noticed, besides the gloom, the remorse, the shame, the revenge, the painful death, the more painful life, which shadow its pages, has its one overshadowing and awful crime, which clouds the brightness of the happiest scenes, and leaves its oppression on the mind and heart of the reader long after he has closed the volume. Murder, adultery, suicide, — these are the portentous and terrible foundations on which this singular genius loved to build its airy structures. With such a characteristic, it is no wonder if, in spite of all their wealth of beauty and power, they affect us at every perusal like a troubled dream, from which we awake with a sense of vague uneasiness and apprehension. We do not desire to see

a school of fiction founded on Hawthorne's model. His atmosphere is unhealthy; it lacks fresh air and sunshine, and the music of birds and of running brooks. There are no children in his company, — they could not live under a sky so gloomy. Little Pearl is hardly a child so much as an airy and uncomfortable sprite, whose little hands wander as if by a malign instinct to the scarlet letter on her mother's bosom, and whose prattle is sure to touch the sorest chord in her mother's heart; — and yet, except poor Hepzibah's little customer in the Pyncheon mansion, Pearl is the only child-figure in all these romances of which we have spoken. Neither is there any example of quiet and happy old age. The only old persons who are introduced at all are the troubled, harassed, frightened old Hepzibah, her life one long sorrow for the brother whose life has been so cruelly blighted, and old Roger Chillingworth, who, by concentrating every faculty of his mind upon one detestable and hideous aim, grows finally into one of the most repulsive and devilish characters that we can recall. The feverish heat and trouble in which this writer so loves to immerse his characters will not admit of the introduction either of natural childhood or serene old age.

And this brings us to Hawthorne's last work; to the fragment which has been left to us of what for want of a title has been called "The Dolliver Romance." Here at last we have a child and an old man; both new subjects for Hawthorne's pencil, and both so exquisitely drawn, with such a loving care and patience of detail, with such a joy and delight in the drawing, that we might suppose a new period to have opened in the mental life of the author, in which the old gloom and sadness were dispelled by the warm sunlight of a renewed and healthy imagination. We do not at all know how to account for the wonderful change; it seems a leap forward into a new world, of sweeter fancies, of purer life, of charming pictures set forth in language which is perfect music. In what we have said of Hawthorne's style, there is perhaps a suspicion of what a year ago would have been thought extravagance. But in regard to the style in which this romance has been begun, it is scarcely possible to be extravagant. And the only way which occurs to us of giving to our admiration the emphasis we desire it to

have, is by extracting two or three of its passages as an example. Here is a half-page of poetry on so simple a matter as good Doctor Dolliver's dressing-gown: —

"Its original material was said to have been the embroidered front of his own wedding waistcoat, and the silken skirt of his wife's bridal attire, which his eldest daughter had taken from the carved chest of drawers, after poor Bessie, the beloved of his youth, had been half a century in the grave. Throughout many of the intervening years, as the garment got ragged, the spinsters of the old man's family had quilted their duty and affection into it in the shape of patches upon patches, rose-color, crimson, blue, violet, and green, and then (as their hopes faded, and their life kept growing shadier, and their attire took a sombre hue) sober gray and great fragments of funereal black, until the Doctor could revive the memory of most things that had befallen him by looking at his patchwork-gown as it hung upon a chair. And now it was ragged again, and all the fingers that should have mended it were cold. It had an Eastern fragrance too, a smell of drugs, strong-scented herbs, and spicy gums, gathered from the many potent infusions that had from time to time been spilt over it; so that, snuffing him afar off, you might have taken Dr. Dolliver for a mummy, and could hardly have been undeceived by his shrunken and torpid aspect as he drew nearer."

What a gleam of fancy is this, of little Pansie: —

"A motherless child, dwelling in an uncheerful house, with no other playmates than a decrepit old man and a kitten, and no better atmosphere within doors than the odor of decayed apothecary's stuff, nor gayer neighborhood than that of the adjacent burial-ground, where all her relatives, from her great-grandmother downward, lay calling to her, 'Pansie, Pansie, it is bed-time,' even in the prime of the summer morning. For those dead women-folk, especially her mother and the whole row of maiden aunts and grand-aunts, could not but be anxious about the child, *knowing that little Pansie would be far safer under a tuft of dandelions than if left alone, as she soon must be, in this difficult and deceitful world.*"

And what a sob there is in this sentence: —

"A whole family of grand-aunts, (one of whom had perished in her cradle, never so mature as Pansie now, another in her virgin bloom, another in autumnal maidenhood, yellow and shrivelled, with vinegar in her blood, and still another, a forlorn widow, whose grief outlasted its vitality, and grew to be merely a torpid habit, and was saddest then,) — all their hitherto forgotten features peeped through the face of the

great-grandchild, and their long inaudible voices sobbed, shouted, or laughed in her familiar tones. But it often happened to Dr. Dolliver, while frolicking amid this throng of ghosts, where the one reality looked no more vivid than its shadowy sisters, — it often happened that his eyes filled with tears at a sudden perception of what a sad and poverty-stricken old man he was, already remote from his own generation, and bound to stray farther onward, as the sole playmate and protector of a child!"

And here is the wonderful close, than which perhaps nothing sweeter or more poetic was ever written in prose or verse: —

"Yet there were moments, as many persons had noticed, when the great grandpapa would suddenly take stronger hues of life. It was as if his faded figure had been colored over anew, or at least, as he and Pansie moved along the streets, as if a sunbeam had fallen across him instead of the gray gloom of a moment before. His chilled sensibilities had probably been touched and quickened by the warm contiguity of his little companion, through the medium of her hand as it stirred within his own, or some inflection of her voice that set his memory ringing and chiming with forgotten sounds. While that music lasted, the old man was alive and happy. And there were seasons, it might be, happier than even these, when Pansie had been kissed and put to bed, and Grandsir Dolliver sat by his fireside, gazing in among the massive coals, and absorbing their glow into those cavernous abysses with which all men communicate. Hence come angels or fiends into our twilight musings, according as we may have peopled them in bygone years. Over our friend's face in the rosy flicker of the fire-gleam stole an expression of repose and perfect trust, that made him as beautiful to look at, in his high-backed chair, as the child Pansie on her pillow; and sometimes the spirits that were watching him beheld a calm surprise draw slowly over his features and brighten into joy, yet not so vividly as to break his evening quietude. The gate of heaven had been kindly left ajar, that this forlorn old creature might catch a glimpse within. All the night afterwards he would be semi-conscious of an intangible bliss, diffused through the fitful lapses of an old man's slumber, and would awake at early dawn with a faint thrilling of the heart-strings, as if there had been music just now wandering over them."

With what sweeter words could a great poet take his leave of the world which he had enriched? It is almost a matter of regret that the publishers, who have given us this fragment,

so perfect in itself as a picture of peaceful and lovely old age, have announced that other scenes have been found among the papers of the author, which they shall print in the Atlantic Monthly. At any rate, there can be no further doubt, we should think, of Hawthorne's right to the first place among the imaginative prose-writers of the English language.

And here we should be glad to close our unworthy and wholly inadequate sketch of the work which this great writer has done. But we must not take our final leave of him without a word as to one peculiar idiosyncrasy which displayed itself with most unpleasant prominence during the last years of his life. We have had occasion once before to speak of it in terms of greater severity than we care to use now, when the account of his literary life is made up, and praise or blame is alike impotent to change a single line of the record.

Hawthorne has formed the only exception to the great fact, that every writer of eminence in the country has been true to the country in the present war. That Hawthorne did not show himself to be so points directly to the peculiarity of his intellectual, and perhaps as well of his moral constitution. The exquisite grace of his intellect was mingled, as all grace is so apt to be, with a fastidiousness which was absolutely intolerant of whatever crudity or harshness it was brought in contact with; and the predominance of the intellectual over the moral perceptions prevented the appreciation of the nobility which may underlie even the roughest exterior. He could not forgive his country for being so prosaic, and complains with emphasis in the Preface to "The Marble Faun," of the difficulty of making up a romance from the traditions of so commonplace a history as that of this young republic. We laugh at the fastidious irritation which appears in the account of the life of this poetic dreamer in the custom-house at Salem, or in the consular office at Liverpool, but we are more inclined to tears than to laughter when the same caustic sarcasms, the same petulant contempt, reappear in a hundred intangible forms wherever he has had occasion to allude to the rebellion. We made such a noise with our battles and proclamations and recruitings, that there was no corner of the land where peace enough could be found for the working out of his new

romance! When France was reeling with the drunkenness of the Revolution, or mad with the glory of the Consulate and the Empire, it is quite probable that the author of *Galatée*, or *La Promenade*, or *Anaximandre*, should have felt some lively disgust at the tremendous prominence which the execution of King Louis or the victories of Napoleon were assuming in the eyes of Europe, which had lingered in the good old days of peace with so much delight over the perfumed pages of his placid pastorals. And in these later days the grim spectre of civil war has not respected even the retiring habits of literary gentlemen, but has entered every door, and sternly postponed for a season the graces of *belles-lettres* to the prosaic and matter-of-fact requirements of armies and taxes and sanitary commissions. What could Hawthorne do? He only asked that he might plunge backward out of this angry turmoil of fighting armies, of exasperated parties, of political dangers and crises, and shocks of military disaster or success, of a vulgar press, of vulgarer clowns newly rich and swelling with ridiculous pride, and wander away amid the quiet company of his own rich fancies, that he might bring back from the phantom-land of his imagination the scenes and the characters among which he loved best to dwell. And lo! wherever he turned his weary steps, there stood in his path the genius of the time, not beautiful, not romantic, to his eyes not even grand, — but stern enough and in grim earnest, demanding of him what he could not give, the heart and voice of an American citizen in the hour of America's danger. The only wonder is that the apparition did not chill the life out of his languid heart in the first year of the war.

But we will say no more. If we grow sad as we contrast his coldness with the pure flame which has burned in the heart and in the verse of Whittier, or which has brightened the tedious monotony of Bryant's journalism, we may at least pardon the inevitable failure, when we remember that what his heart could not do his intellect has accomplished, and that greater than the glory of many victories in the field is the pure lustre which his genius has reflected upon his country.

Art. VII. — THE EIGHTH OF NOVEMBER.

1. *Citizenship Sovereignty.* By J. L. Wright, assisted by Prof. J. Holmes Agnew, D. D. Chicago: Published for American Citizens, the true Maintainers of State Sovereignty. pp. 208.
2. *New Plottings in Aid of the Rebel Doctrine of State Sovereignty. A Second Letter on Dawson's Introduction to the Federalist.* By John Jay. New York: American News Company. pp. 62.
3. *Report of the Judge Advocate General on "The Order of American Knights," alias "The Sons of Liberty," a Western Conspiracy in Aid of the Southern Rebellion.* Washington: Office of Daily Chronicle. pp. 16.
4. *The President's Message to the Two Houses of Congress, December* 6, 1864.
5. *A Report of the Debates and Proceedings in the Secret Sessions of the Conference Convention for proposing Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, held at Washington, D. C., in February, A. D.* 1861. By L. E. Chittenden. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The election of November 8, 1864, was an event which still moves a certain wonder in the recollection of it, as we consider on one hand the passions of the struggle and the magnitude of the issue; and on the other hand, the absolute order and quiet with which the decision was made, and the perfect acquiescence with which it was received. It would be unbecoming in us not to welcome, with gratitude and honor, the evidence given once more, on so grand a scale, that even in the violence and fury of political discord, amidst the strange passions and unknown perils of conspiracy, rebellion, and civil war, great questions of public policy can be discussed, — brought to the peaceable tribunal of the polls, — determined there without one show of tumult, alarm, or threat, — and the decision, thus silently pronounced, be accepted within four-and-twenty hours over the whole breadth of the continent, from ocean to ocean, as the nation's verdict, which no one is hardy enough to dispute, no one mad and criminal enough to resist. This is the real triumph of democratic institutions, — that they have trained a population capable of pronouncing a verdict in that way, and capable of accepting it when pronounced as an au-

thority without appeal. A tremendous power, — the decision of principles that lie at the very base of our system of government and law ; and intrusted, almost recklessly it would seem, to the chances of popular debate free as the winds, and of a ballot in which every man is absolutely free of responsibility to every other man. In one day, between sun and sun, the decision is recorded ; and the step is already taken which seems to fix irrevocably the character of our government and nation for long periods to come. American democracy finds itself justified in the mere fact that our people have advanced so far as to understand such an issue, meet it, vote on it, and abide by it.

It is not to be disguised, and it ought not to be forgotten, that this decision had been long looked forward to with a vague misgiving and dread. We accepted the necessity, as one part of that thorough and peculiar trial of its strength, which the nation was foreappointed to encounter. It was not enough, that for thirty years of treacherous truce there had been the standing menace of Disunion, which was so sure to burst into mischief at the last. It was not enough that the hands of the nation had been purposely tied beforehand, its energies crippled, its resources plundered and betrayed, — that it must begin its struggle of life and death with an enemy already flushed and triumphant with anticipated success. It was not enough that the lack of military discipline, still more of military spirit, should have made two years of war so bloodily undecisive, or that the division of counsels among the people should have been reflected in the so often hesitating and irresolute course of an administration which sought its only inspirations from the people. It was not enough that the radical hostility of the elements at war — republican freedom and slave-holding despotism — should have been recognized so slowly, so timidly, so reluctantly, when the energies and hopes of a considerable portion of the country were already wellnigh paralyzed. It was not enough that people and government should have been floundering on together, through political intrigue, pecuniary corruption, financial alarms, and the slow, obstinate dispute as to the moral issue involved in the great campaign, — all, perhaps, inseparable from a condition of civil

war in such a state as ours. To have triumphed over these — amidst the derision and incredulity, the calculating and half-concealed hostility, of the ruling classes in friendly nations abroad, and those trading piracies that had nearly ruined a commerce already second to none upon the globe — to have done this, and only this, would have been too easy a victory for the principle of popular liberty and constitutional authority, at this period of the world! There must be added to it the peculiar source of uncertain peril — inseparable from the working of our political machinery — which at the precise crisis of the struggle divides the loyal part of the country into hostile parties, foments old jealousies, keeps fresh the fires of new resentments, throws the suspicion of petty ambitions on one party of those whose business it is simply to defend the state, and the suspicion of petty rivalries upon the other. Such was the threatening and (in some respects) disheartening campaign, in the aspects it presented to some of us, only two short months ago. That period of supreme anxiety is past — so quietly, that we have almost forgotten how deep and real it was.

It is the habit of some, not merely opponents, but friends of the administration, to make light of the danger now that it is past; at least, to consent easily to forget it, in the press of new thoughts and cares that grow out of the altered situation. But there are some points, at least, which deserve to be kept in mind as part of the history of the time, and there are others which ought to be brought very clearly before the public mind, because they will prove the cardinal points in the debates and strifes of the coming years. It is not well to forget the desperate plot to get possession of the polls in Chicago, only a day or two previous to the election, or the seizure of the "thirty thousand stand of arms" destined for traitor hands in Indiana, or the wholesale and wicked fraud by which it was hoped to reverse the vote of New York through forged ballots of soldiers. The border raid of St. Albans, the threats which made necessary so formidable a demonstration of military force in New York, the hints and menaces of Southern newspapers, the plots for plunder and conflagration in our great cities, happily foiled hitherto, all indicate a desperate and concerted effort to transfer the horrors of war to Northern soil,

and break up by violence, if it were possible, the very machinery of government itself. It is not the party of "the Opposition" that we suspect of complicity with deeds like these. But it is no more than fair to think that the deadly enemies of the government, so widely scattered at the North as well as South, through the lenient and unsuspecting temper of our people, should wish to take advantage of any change in administration, hoping, in the confusions and uncertainties and delays of it, to find an entering for the wedge of destruction. It was a wise and wholesome instinct that foresaw the danger of changing the hand at the helm in such a time.

How great the immediate danger which seems to be now averted, it is impossible to know. Its traces will be obliterated just in proportion as the suppression of it has been complete. Its nature and its formidable proportions are best told in the Judge Advocate's Report, cited at the head of our article. Rumors had been current for many months, — some of them we had copied in our pages more than a year ago,* — which spoke of a conspiracy wide-spread, desperate, and hardy, intended to co-operate directly with the armed forces of the public enemy, to introduce ruin and anarchy at home. How far these rumors might possibly have grown out of the excitement of invasion, and the apprehensions of the Gettysburg campaign and the Morgan raid, we had no means of knowing. To many they seemed a false alarm, and practically they passed by and were forgotten. But now the testimony comes again in a much more definite shape, and on authority which seems quite unimpeachable. A secret treasonable Order extends, we are told, through nearly the whole breadth of the Northern States, with its watchwords, military organization, and supplies of arms, and claiming to number not far from half a million of men; with its close affiliations with armed rebellion in the South; with its political creed, sworn to be maintained by force of arms, strictly denying "sovereignty" to the government of the United States; with its definite purpose, to cripple and thwart the military power of the government by disorganization of its forces at home, as well as to

* See Christian Examiner for September, 1863, p. 235.

co-operate actively with raids and invasions from the South, to destroy public and private property, and, at need, to assassinate those agents of the government most likely to prove troublesome; with its political aim, taking advantage of any lassitude, confusion, or defeat in our affairs, to establish a "Northwestern Confederacy" in armed alliance with the South; and, finally, with its scheme of organization complete, "its provisional government, officers, bureaus, &c. in secret operation." We quote from the Report in question the "plan of a general armed rising of the Order, and its co-operation on an extended scale with the Southern forces."

"This plan has been twofold, and consisted, — first, of a rising of the Order in Missouri, aided by a strong detachment from Illinois, and a co-operation with a Rebel army under Price; second, of a similar rising in Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky, and a co-operation with a force under Breckenridge, Buckner, Morgan, or some other Rebel commander, who was to invade the latter State. In *this* case the order was first to cut the railroads and telegraph wires, in order that intelligence of the movement might not be sent abroad, and the transportation of Federal troops might be delayed, and then to seize upon the arsenals at Indianapolis, Columbus, Springfield, Louisville, and Frankfort, and, furnishing such of their number as were without arms, to kill or make prisoners of department, district, and post commanders, release the Rebel prisoners at Rock Island and at Camps Morton, Douglas, and Chase, and thereupon join the Southern army at Louisville, or some other point in Kentucky, which State was to be permanently occupied by the combined force. At the period of the movement it was also proposed that an attack should be made upon Chicago by means of steam-tugs mounted with cannon. A similar course was to be taken in Missouri, and was to result in the permanent occupation of the State.

"This plan has long occupied the minds of members of the Order, and has been continually discussed by them in their lodges. A rising somewhat of the character described was intended to have taken place in the spring of this year, simultaneously with an expected advance of the army of Lee upon Washington; but the plans of the enemy having been anticipated by the movements of our own generals, the rising of the conspirators was necessarily postponed. Again, a general movement of the Southern forces was anticipated to take place about July 4, and with this the Order was to co-operate. A speech to be made by Vallandigham at the Chicago Convention was, it is said, to be the signal for the

rising; but the postponement of the Convention, as well as the failure of the Rebel armies to engage in the anticipated movement, again operated to disturb the schemes of the Order. During the summer, however, the grand plan of action above set forth has been more than ever discussed throughout the Order, and its success most confidently predicted, while at the same time an extensive organization and preparation for carrying their conspiracy into effect have been actively going on. But, up to this time, notwithstanding the late raids of the enemy in Kentucky, and the invasion of Missouri by Price, no such general action on the part of the Order as was contemplated has taken place, — a result, in great part, owing to the activity of our military authorities in strengthening the detachments at the prisons, arsenals, &c., and in causing the arrest of the leading conspirators in the several States, and especially in the seizure of large quantities of arms which had been shipped for the use of the Order in their intended outbreak. It was doubtless on account of these precautions that the day last appointed for the rising of the Order in Indiana and Kentucky (August 16) passed by with but slight disorder."

It is unnecessary now to vindicate the sagacity and boldness of that "Wilderness Campaign" of General Grant, by which this scheme of invasion, coupled with the tumult and terror of armed insurrection at home, was frustrated. That campaign was no wanton squandering of our forces, but was strictly in anticipation of the great disaster known to be impending. It was as prudent as it was bold a move, when the commander of our forces took the first step, and compelled his opponent to follow his lead. The initiative he seized then, he has not lost for a single day; but, through all the vicissitudes and perils of the campaign, it is he who has dictated the general course of action which both armies must follow. A movement daring, hazardous, costly in much brave blood and many precious lives, — so daring and hazardous that it has been called wild, foolhardy, the bravery of recklessness and despair; but, as it has proved, the coolest prudence, and the safest defensive policy, — saving us, at its very start, from a struggle and a peril to which even its own great efforts and risks were comparatively slight and safe. That strong, firm, stern, inexorable hand, which planned and guided the terrible summer campaign, has crowded back the rebellion steadily ever since, and has drawn a boundary to defend the loyal

North, with a wall, as it were, of fire, which hardly even the frenzy of despair will hereafter attempt to cross. Only the standing menace of such a calamity as then threatened us, only the desperate effort in July to break the cord tightening round the lines at Richmond by such exploits as the burning of Chambersburg and the attack on Washington, would have compelled — much less justified — that dreadful task of military policy, which has stripped the valley of the Shenandoah of the rich harvests that for four successive summers had supplied the armies of invasion, and made it the gateway of perpetual war. If there must be war, at least let its calamities be limited and hedged by the frontiers of those States which chose it and forced it on us. Let not its miseries be multiplied tenfold by its alliance with armed conspiracy at home. Make a desert of that one too vulnerable spot, rather than spread the whole country over with the desolation which we trust to restrain within steadily narrowing bounds, — month by month, and, if it must be, year by year!

The existence and the aims of that conspiracy have been indicated to us clearly enough to hint the motive which may be supposed to have prompted the military policy of the government. We see, too, the great generosity and courage of its home policy, which has suffered every sort of party attack to go on unchecked, and has protected the freest play of all the machinery of opposition, even to violent charges of tyranny and usurpation, and undisguised threats of revolution. And the facts now before us serve to show how great cause we have to rejoice in the stability and strength of our political fabric, which has endured so severe a strain without a sign of fracture, or any loosening of its joints. There are tides in the affairs of men, ebbs and flows of the popular courage and temper; and there have been times during this war when the result of such a trial might have been doubtful. It was fortunate that the moment of it coincided with a slow but steady uplifting of the wave; and that the swell of the flood-tide has floated us over the shoals where a few weeks earlier we might possibly have stranded. It is hard to estimate at such a time the value of that magnificent *vote of confidence* which has been recorded, or the shock which might have been given by

simply withholding it. A change of administration, even to hands equally strong and faithful, would at least have found them untrained to the precise duties and emergencies of the hour; and it would certainly have opened the door to all disloyal hopes — wild and groundless as they might be — which would crave any change for the chance it might seem to open to secret treason and conspiracy, with its dark and bloody counsels.

What, then, has the election settled? What is the nature of the verdict that it has given?

First, and most obvious of all, it has settled, as far as the assertion of the national will can settle it, the absolute suppression of the rebellion, without surrender or qualification of the main point, — the just sovereignty of the Nation which the rebellion had attacked. It has asserted for the nation's policy that stern watchword of the campaign, *No compromise with traitors in arms.* It has shown that the spirit with which the vast burden and dread of this war were undertaken, near four years ago, was not a flush of momentary heat, but was the glow of a steady conviction, and the inspiration of a settled purpose. To have reaffirmed, in all its intensity and breadth, the resolution of that time, — now, after the terrible experience of war, in the midst of its anxieties and sufferings, in the face of bitter complaints and dreads, with the clear knowledge of what it must yet cost to carry this work through to the end, — to have done this is an assertion of national resolution and confidence and conscious strength, which seems already to have carried us a long way towards the end.

And we see this, still further, in the temper with which all parties seem to have accepted the result. It seems not too much to hope that, in a very large degree, factious opposition to the government will cease, and be discouraged; that those who have been alienated about the means and policies will act together for the result; that something like an era of good feeling, of unselfish patriotism, over all distinctions of party and class, may possibly be one of the births of the time. We have good cause also to hope that the government of our country, delivered from conspiracies and threats, and finding itself so strong in the support of the country at large, may be

able to work with a more direct and single aim, to secure the return of peace and order and the authority of law. So firm a resolve of so vast a population, that peace can be had only on terms which secure at once the nation's integrity and its honor, must have of itself great weight to secure that end. As the leader of our armies himself has said, it is worth more to the cause than the greatest victory in the field.*

But, besides, the election has settled, as definitely as such matters can be settled, two distinct points, — one touching the nature, and the other touching the policy, of that national government, now staked on the issue of the war.

It has not always been distinctly kept in mind how inevitably what we call the Rebellion — but which, in the view of the authors of it, is by no means a rebellion — has grown out of the different theory of State Rights held at the North and at the South. Here, we have been educated all our lives to believe in the authority and majesty of a great Nation; at the South, they have been trained just as steadily to believe in the independent sovereignty of States. In the very month of the outbreak of the war, De Bow's Review, speaking in the name of the Southern people at large, used the following words: —

"Nothing perhaps more strikingly illustrates the irreconcilable if not 'irrepressible conflict' of opinion between the North and South, than the prevailing discussion as to the right of a State to secede from the Federal Union. In the South it is no longer an open question, and it seems almost as useless to adduce arguments to prove as to refute the doctrine. It has for years been part and parcel of our organic laws, and is now affirmed, not only theoretically, but practically, in the ordi-

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* We copy here the closing sentences of the President's late Message: —

"In presenting the abandonment of arms to the national authority on the part of the insurgents, as the only indispensable condition to ending the war on the part of government, I retract nothing heretofore said. As to slavery, I repeat the declaration made a year ago, that, *while I remain in my present position, I shall not attempt to retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation, or by any of the acts of Congress.* If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an Executive duty to re-enslave such persons, *another, not I, must be their instrument to propose it.*

"In stating a single condition of peace, I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it."

nances of secession, adopted with unparalleled unanimity by conventions of the people in South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas, soon to be followed by co-operative action in the other Slaveholding States, and the formation, at no distant day, of a Southern Confederacy. While such is the popular verdict in this case at the South, the right in question is universally denied by the people of the Northern States; and not only by rabid Republicans, clamorous with bloodthirsty threats of coercion and war, but by the most orthodox and conservative statesmen of the Democratic school. The secession of a State from the Union is treated even by this class of politicians as an act of revolt, and the citizens of seceding States, protected by the ægis of their sovereign authority, are put in the same category with rebels and traitors to the government. Our contradictory opinions on this subject are, no doubt, founded on processes of argument equally logical; and the difference between us results from the fact that our conclusions are deduced from premises diametrically opposite.

"The Northern judgment obviously proceeds on the assumption that the general government at Washington is the centre of a grand consolidated empire, of which the States are mere appurtenances or provincial subdivisions. Upon no other hypothesis could a State be accused of rebellion. This, as all men know, means the resistance of an inferior to the lawful enactments of a superior. It implies the violation of allegiance. To predicate, therefore, rebellion of a State, or of citizens of a State, in obeying its sovereign authority, in opposition to the laws of the Federal Congress, is equivalent to the assertion that the allegiance of the citizen is due to the government of the United States; and since allegiance is the correlative of sovereignty, it must follow that the government is supreme, and the States subordinate. Such notions, it is needless to say, ignore or falsify all the facts of our history, and contravene the whole theory of federal government. If we turn to the record, it will be found that the government at Washington is, in truth, but a corporation, possessed of no original authority, created by the several States for certain specific purposes, with all its powers delegated, enumerated, and limited in the Constitution, its charter; and that the only sovereignty is with the people of the several States composing the Union, to whom alone is due the allegiance of the citizens respectively." — pp. 385, 386.

We have not space to discuss that theory of State sovereignty thus explicitly set forth; or to illustrate, what history shows so clearly, the impracticable nature of it as a working theory

of government. Nor need we dwell on those passages in our own past history, — such as the Louisiana purchase, the Kansas territorial legislation, the expatriation of the Indians, the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, the Fugitive Slave Law, the attempts on Cuba, — in which the most arbitrary lines of policy, and those most positively asserting a high national jurisdiction, have been most vehemently upheld by these "States' Rights" politicians of the South, whenever chancing to harmonize with their policy of extending a great slave empire on this continent, whether by conquest, purchase, or annexation. We copy these paragraphs, because they are the latest, precise, and most authentic wording of the challenge which was thrown out to the national government in the act of secession. They tell us plainly what it was we had to contend with then; and they define very clearly the theory which is going to be our great embarrassment and danger in dealing with the questions which have grown out of the war.

We do not undertake to question the sincerity with which the theory is held. Its very peril and mischief consist in the sincerity with which it is held. We wish to call attention only to the one point, that it denies, explicitly and in terms, the existence of any American Nation to which allegiance is due, or of any common government, except a mere committee, or agency, of twenty or thirty independent sovereigns. We would only point how direct and how fatal a denial it is of the convictions we have held, and of the faith which sustains our people in this war. We would only show how precisely contrary it is to the instinct, the pride, the hope, the loyalty, which make the glory of the American name as we have claimed it; and how *certainly* it must lead, sooner or later, to an "irrepressible conflict," in which one or the other theory of the government must give way.

The conflict came in our own time; and perhaps it may as well have come up for settlement now as at any time, before or since. It came to a point on the question of slavery, — that is, the relations of labor, race, education, and public justice on the very largest scale, — making it, in fact, a conflict between two eras of civilization and two hostile orders of society; and perhaps it may as well have come in that shape as in any other.

The character of the government which is to control the future of this great continent for many generations in unknown periods of time, is one of the questions on which we cast our votes the other day; — whether it shall be a league or federation of petty sovereignties, — according to De Tocqueville, the most impotent, weak, awkward, and incapable machine to lead a nation to anything but anarchy; or whether it shall be a united and single nation, resting on the loyalty, intelligence, and patriotic faith of its entire population, — which is probably the strongest, most durable, and just. This is one of the questions which our people were called to decide by November's verdict of the polls.

And let us not disguise from ourselves the doubtfulness and hazard of the decision. There is a charm in that phrase "State sovereignty," in the name of independence, in boundaries and places and local names, in the immense multiplication of offices and careers open to personal ambition. Probably never in all history has patriotism been so keen a passion as in the petty states of Greece, where its antipathies and hostilities were arrayed against a public enemy ten miles off. There is, too, a natural jealousy and dread of central power, with its dangers of corrupt patronage and unscrupulous despotism, which makes the State-rights theory very attractive to men of ambitious temper, and very plausible to those of a speculative turn of mind. This controversy has made one great danger — perhaps we may say the one great danger — of our political history. Very intimately, very subtly, and in many ways, it has been mixed up in the political campaign we have just passed through. And it is a source of thankfulness that, so far as may be by the decision of that great tribunal of a people's voice, it is effectually set to rest for a time.

We by no means charge the party of the opposition — that is, the large and as we believe the entirely loyal majority of it — with complicity in the underhand and treacherous attempt which has been made to pervert the meaning of the Constitution, and alter the theory of our government, so as to meet the wish and carry out the purpose of its enemies. But a party platform is not only a public document; it becomes a fact of history, which we are invited to interpret by such best

light as we can get. The reputed "inspirations" of the Chicago Platform, and the known connections of Mr. Vallandigham with disloyal men, justify the suspicion that that platform may be written in a dialect, and may couch its political creed in phrases, requiring some key to give it the true rendering known to the initiated. We are struck in reading it with the reserved and cautious way in which its loyalty is professed. Thorough loyalty, of the stamp we generally hear, is not measured and apologetic in its terms, such as we find it here. Fidelity is professed to the "Union under the Constitution" — we have been wont to hear of a nation competent to ordain and amend its constitution — as "equally conducive to the prosperity of all the States, both Northern and Southern." The "failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war" means what? Not the inability to assert the authority of the government, for that work has been going on these three years, and is proceeding rather hopefully now; but it means that war will not secure a voluntary acquiescence in the principles against which war was declared: who supposed it would? So the "ultimate convention of all the States" is proposed as the highest tribunal of appeal, — not any lawfully constituted authority of the nation. So the resolve is registered, "to preserve the Federal Union" — the chosen phrase, as we have seen, of Southern theorists — "and the rights of the States unimpaired," meaning probably more than a mere protest against Mr. Sumner's doctrine (which has never been accepted by the administration), that States in rebellion are *ipso facto* in the condition of unorganized Territories. The charges of "open and avowed disregard of State rights," and denial of "the right of the people to bear arms," are charges, no doubt, against what would be very arbitrary and wrong, but for the desperate efforts to maintain a form of rebel State-sovereignty in Missouri and Kentucky, — States which there is no pretence of having "regularly" seceded from the Union, — and that unlucky discovery of "thirty thousand stand of arms" in Indiana, on the way to the secret allies of the Rebellion. With all respect to the loyal many in the ranks of the opposition in November, it is well to keep a jealous eye on the movements, and on the published declarations, of the disloyal few.

In the second publication on our list, Mr. Jay has made a vigorous exposure of the means by which the Northern mind is approached, with insidious defences of State sovereignty, with misinterpretations of our political history, with falsifications of the part borne by the statesmen of the Constitution-forming period, with arguments and learned citations which, if accepted, would undermine the structure of our national existence, and eat away the heart and nerve which have sustained the nation in the great contest that is on us now. A literature and a dialect of this style of political opinion are in process of growth; and a library of some extent, in the interest of the State-rights school, is announced for speedy publication. The handsome volume of Dawson's "Fœderalist," which took us by surprise a year ago with its statements of the history of the acceptance of the Constitution in New York, and particularly of the part taken in it, among others, by Mr. Jay, who is asserted to have had little or no faith in the theory of the Constitution from the first, is to serve, it seems, as entering wedge. But the book which we have put at the head of our list is by far the most remarkable and explicit exposition hitherto of this new political school, and deserves a few moments of our particular attention.

In form, it is an "Introductory Compend" of an extended work, to consist of five large octavo volumes, entitled "Our Fœderal Union: State Rights and Wrongs." In argument, it is a vehement, and apparently earnest plea, by one who professes himself the convert of his own investigations, for the doctrine of State sovereignty, as opposed to American nationality, perhaps in the most definite and consistent shape in which it has yet been presented. The argument is fortified by a sketch of the history of international law, — a subject that seems to have seized on the author's mind with a singular and enslaving fascination, — and by an immense citation of passages from almost all the eminent writers on that subject; the leading American authorities only, Kent, Story, and Wheaton, being steadily disparaged and set aside. The South is said to have held the true doctrine on this matter; only the South committed the fatal error of neglecting to appeal to the Federal Court, and of striking the first blow in a war which the

loyal States *must* now follow up until the South surrender. But surrender to what? To a realization and enforcement of their own cherished theory of State sovereignty; to a decision which declares that "Britain, France, and Russia are not more independent nations than Massachusetts, Virginia, and Illinois" (p. 23); to a union of States resting avowedly "on principles of international law" (p. 40); to a theory that "no means exist, none can possibly be devised, to bind a sovereign State, except a compact or league" (p. 48); to a creed which calls the Constitution a mere "power of attorney," and the States "joint proprietors" of the public domain (p 78); to a compact for "returning to the South *all who have been slaves*" (p. 93), and defining the whole matter of slavery by the international and the Hebrew code, giving it harbor in all the States, and eminent domain in all the Territories; to a reconstruction which provides that "the South, as hitherto, till the last three years, will plan and manage our political concerns, and the West will furnish the votes for their adoption" (p. 134)!

We need not be surprised, accordingly, to find a rather obtrusive effort to smooth the way of such a "surrender" for the Southern leaders. First, the great Northwest must be thrown open to slavery, by pronouncing the Ordinance of 1789 "void, as a gross usurpation" (p. 52); slavery is so clear a right of the dwellers in the Louisiana purchase, that "France has just cause of war" if we refuse it (p. 63); the present administration is charged with "the blackest, foulest spots of despotism that in modern years have defaced the historic page" (p. 69); a class aristocracy is declared to be our great need, and "a pure democracy is our special abhorrence" (p. 149); the name American is "a detestable word that we have to use," for want of better (p. 191); "the star-spangled banner," it is hinted, must "give way to a new emblem" (p. 205); as to the Constitution, its fatal error was in commencing "We the people," instead of "We the Peoples"; and we are told, "Tear it in shreds, trample it in the dust, damn it to everlasting infamy," as an "infidel" document, because it ascribes the right of sovereignty to the people (p. 198); while, in the coming struggle for State rights, "it will not be the most improbable of circumstances, if the FEDERAL

Republican citizens of the North should be joined with the armies of the South, to re-establish the federal institutions of our fathers, against the efforts of Consolidists and Abolitionists" (p. 195).

These, it should be said, are the theories and phrases of a "reconstructionist," — one who professes, indeed, the abstract right of secession, but vehemently repudiates disunion. They are the legitimate inferences from the doctrine of State sovereignty, coupled with the resolution to restore "the Union as it was," on terms which shall be satisfactory to the revolted States. And, as we see, the sarcasms of "The New Gospel of Peace" do not exaggerate one whit that political doctrine here set forth. In the present temper of the public mind, we apprehend no danger whatever from these theories. But they deserve, at least, some other treatment than mere indifference and contempt. They are evidently backed by a party which has command of much wealth, of no mean talent and erudition, and of a very considerable amount of political zeal. They are the theories, not of mere pedants and bigots, but of propagandists and doctrinaires. The names indorsed on the volume from which we have quoted indicate a wide-spread, concerted, and formidable attempt to prepossess the public mind, in view of the questions of reconstruction which are sure to come with the declaration of peace. And it should not be forgotten, either, that public opinion abroad has almost universally assumed State sovereignty as the true theory of our government, and has predicted its overthrow, with absolute confidence, on that very ground. The mere fact that this nation calls itself by a plural name seemed enough to show that its natural estate was that of division, and not union.

Nor have we any care to dispute the postulate of these theorists, that our political history begins with the pure and single sovereignty of independent States. That is, undoubtedly, what was assumed in the Declaration; it was tried and failed conspicuously in the scheme of Confederation. In the Constitution itself, the precise boundaries of local and central power were neither clearly nor alike discerned by those who framed the instrument; still less by the legislatures charged with carrying it into practice. All this we may well enough

admit. The theory of our government has no doubt been modified by years and experience. That accurately balanced compromise attempted in the Constitution could not, in the nature of things, be always strictly kept. The pendulum would swing a little, now this way, now that. And it may well be that the seventy-six years of our constitutional history — certainly these last years — do show a general drift in the direction of central power. But what then? Shall States be governed by the theories of the past, or by the necessities of the present?

But have the States ever been in fact checked, or limited, or oppressed in one single thing by this so much dreaded "centralism," — except, indeed, in the one matter of slavery? Or would slavery itself, in the last fifty years, have been safer in the feuds and rents of twenty or thirty independent sovereignties, than it has been under the formal sanction of the Constitution? It is very instructive to turn the pages of the Discussions of the "Peace Congress" of 1861, and find, from beginning to end, no one hint of a solitary grievance, except in respect to slavery; no one hint of any terms of peace, demanded or offered, except fresh concessions and guaranties to slavery. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* All this loud complaint of central despotism, all this menaced insurrection for State rights, comes to a mere protest against that general advance of public opinion and Christian civilization, which more and more threatens the cherished property in man. To that advance the war gives full and irresistible sweep. And we have little question that, when slavery is once thoroughly swept away, — as the late popular verdict has decreed it must be, — the theory of States' rights will settle itself, easily and practically; and will be shelved among the questions of mere speculation, always interesting but never solved, in the limbo of political metaphysics.

There are a few matters on which, no doubt, the central government, representing the nation as such, must come to assert more and more its high sovereignty. It is not until now, for example, that Congress has claimed or used the authority the Constitution gives it in matters of currency and finance. Let that serve for an example. If the nation is to continue

one, the central power must expand in proportion to the immensely expanding power, wealth, and population of the single States. In the General Post-Office at Washington the visitor may still see the thin ledger in which Benjamin Franklin once kept the accounts of the seventy-five local offices. Last month's Report shows that their number now is 28,878. An enormous growth of central power and patronage; but purely for help, not harm, to local freedom. And this is a fair symbol and sample of the rest. The local and central powers, in the normal and average condition of the country in time of peace, no more exclude each other, than the elements of light and heat. Each is essential to the other. Each is but one of the organized forces of an advancing civilization. The stronger the central organism, the more vigorous and free each single member of which it is composed.

The full consciousness of national unity and strength could never have come to us, unless in the heat of such a struggle as that we have been called to pass through. For the time, the life-blood and the central heat seem poured most vigorously into the extremities; as it would appear from the statistics of the late election, that the great Middle States were comparatively neutral, while the immense preponderance of the national party was found chiefly in the extreme East and West. Far more intense than ever before we find the conviction of that oneness, in history, heart, and destiny, which had seemed to many finally lost. It is as a token of the revived and powerful nationality of temper that we consider now, for a moment, the order of questions immediately before us, whose solution is to fix the future character of our policy.

At the head of all — urged by the President in his late Message and waiting the last stage of Congressional action — is the proposed amendment of the Constitution, defining our position as a nation in which it shall be impossible henceforth to hold a slave. It were earnestly to be hoped it might be carried, in such shape as to enjoin the absolute equality before the law of every race and color. The technical or legal form of slavery, it is probable, is not what we have chiefly to dread hereafter. Caste, sanctioned or tolerated by law, is almost as bad in itself, and even more hopeless of cure. Enough of

that misnamed "democracy" which intrusts political power and privilege to aliens, criminals, and fools, — to the classes which make the dread and shame of all great cities, — while refusing it where there is no just bar, but only that of blood! The monstrous abuses of universal suffrage in our great cities would be no way mended by *merely* extending it to the multitudes whom slavery has kept so long in ignorant barbarism. They can be fairly met only by some system of probation, limiting that great trust by some test of competency and worthiness. Whatever that test shall be, the Constitution itself should ordain that it shall not be the test of race and blood. The present hour should be seized to deliver the nation, once for all, from the curse of a great population hopelessly shut out from all political privilege, cut off from our great inheritance of freedom, under the ban of an unjust prejudice sanctioned and fortified by law.

Another measure of simple justice waits in Congress, which it is to be hoped will speedily complete the noble record of anti-slavery legislation, — the establishment of a Freedmen's Bureau, by which the nation shall frankly assume the guardianship of a class having so peculiar a claim upon its care. This charge, which must be undertaken by some one, — unless we would see this population perish in heaps, or sink into a hopeless savagery, the disgrace and peril of the nation itself that should harbor it, — is a task infinitely beyond the resources of private charity. Not that charity, either, is what is chiefly needed. Charity, no doubt, at first; and private charity has nobly led the way. But next and permanently, not charity, only justice and organizing skill. It is a very striking testimony in favor of the negro population, and a very great encouragement in the work that must be done, that that population has generally been so apt to learn, so easy to organize, so willing to help, so ready to pay for teaching. In the great convulsion and anarchy of war that has swept over the slave-holding States, *forty thousand more whites than blacks*, we are told, have been cast upon the support and protection of the military authority. This does not make the guardianship of them needless, it only saves the task from being hopeless. No jealousy at the encroachments of central power, no delicacy

about using the means and instruments in the nation's hands, need prevent the thorough organizing and the rigorous execution of this great task of the new civilization that is dawning upon the enslaved race. Mere self-defence would demand it of us. And it is a task which only the resources, the intelligence, and the official authority of a great nation could possibly undertake.

It is only by attempting great things that a nation, like a man, becomes competent and fit to do them. That one source of jealousy and embarrassment among us, which has stood in the way of every scheme of internal improvement, of every marked step in the advance of a higher civilization, will be done away in the final conquest of that evil power which challenged the nation to the terrible contest of these last four years. With the overthrow of the rebellion, and the complete establishment of our undivided national sovereignty, the way will be open to all great works and policies of peace, — to every public enterprise for the prosperity, the rights, the culture, the liberties of men. Even these years of bloody conflict, and financial embarrassment, and public fear, have seen more wise, liberal, and enlightened legislation, — even aside from all matters growing directly from slavery and the war, — than many a long year before. The pressure was taken off. The hostile and vigilant suspicion was no longer a hedge and check. And now that problems in the practical art of government stand right before us, bearing on interests so vast, on populations and territory of so grand a scale, — problems involving the construction of a new order of society in place of one shattered and effete, — now that our statesmen must deal with the destinies of all this wide continent at once, and with perhaps the greatest tide of emigration of all history waiting the signal of peace to pour itself upon our shores, — let but the nation be equal to the opportunity and the need; and the verdict of November shall be the pledge and the beginning of a new and nobler era to that Union of States which it has so emphatically affirmed.

Art. VIII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

Dr. Bushnell is certainly one of the chief ornaments of our theological literature. With a felicity of diction that borders close on poetry, and a fineness of fancy often approaching genius, with a facile and graceful movement of thought, fresh from the living contact with the out-door world, he has done more than any other we can readily name to illustrate and adorn some of the rarest and finest phases of Christian piety. That delicate touch and almost feminine refinement which charmed us in the hearing of his discourse on "Work and Play," are relieved by the clear good-sense we find in what he says, whether of New England farming or of "the Day of Roads," by that wealth of the open vision which has given us the finest picture we have yet of the scenery and climate of California, and by the analytical skill which has contributed some of the best material to our theories of language in its higher uses. It is only just, in alluding to his name, to hint at the variety and breadth of the field which he has illustrated in his own peculiar style of refined, cultivated, and Christian thought.

Whatever he has done to justify the expectations of a few years ago, that he would powerfully advance and liberalize the prevailing theology of the New England churches, seems to have been purely by the tone and temper of his religious writings. Intellectually, he appears desirous of proving that he has *not* moved out of the circle of the current religious views. At one time, suspicions of "heresy" began to attach themselves to him; but whatever liberal sympathies he then invited seem to have caused a certain shyness in him, and a recoil from the tendency he might unconsciously have followed. Or rather, perhaps, his slight divergence from the popular creed only brought into more vivid relief the features of the religious system from which he never held himself to dissent. Without the robust intelligence needed for the reformer, or even the independent critic of prevalent moods of thinking, the service he could render was to develop in more refined and thoughtful ways the germs already at hand. The very titles and topics of his volumes are for vindication of his orthodoxy. The circle of his religious thought gathers and narrows very closely about the vital centre of his theological creed. His new volume of Discourses* is in large part an illustration of single points connected with the speculative conception of the divine humanity of Jesus.

As sermons, some of them are exceedingly tender and beautiful. In style, they have once or twice reminded us of Jeremy Taylor, — far as their clear, crisp diction might appear frem his loose exuberance and riotous play of words. We think the reader will catch a glimpse of the likeness in some phrases of the following, from the sermon on "The Gentleness of God": —

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* Christ and his Salvation. In Sermons variously related thereto. Also, Work and Play [a volume of Miscellaneous Addresses]. By Horace Bushnell. New York: Charles Scribner.

"It is with us here, in everything, as it was with Jonah when the Lord sent him to Nineveh. It was a good long journey inland, but Jonah steers for Joppa, straight the other way, and there puts to sea, sailing off upon it, and then under it, and through the belly of hell, and comes to land nobody knows where. After much perambulation, he gets to Nineveh, and gives his message doggedly, finally to be tamed by a turn of hot weather and the wilting of a gourd. Just so goes the course of a soul whom God is training for obedience and life. It may be the case of a young man, setting off wilfully, with his face turned away from God. Whereupon God lets him please himself a little in his folly, and finally pitch himself into vice, there to learn, by the bitter woes of his thraldom, how much better God is to him than he is to himself, how much worthier of trust than he ever can be to himself. Or he takes, it may be, a longer course with him, gives him a turn of sickness, then of bankruptcy, then of desertion by friends, then of slander by enemies, taming thus his pride, sobering his feeling, making the world change colors, but not yet gaining him to the better life. Then he fetches him out of his disasters by unexpected vindications and gifts of mercy, such as soften unwontedly the pitch of his sensibilities. A faithful Christian wife, gilding his lot of adversity before, by her gentle cares, and quite as much his recovery now, by the beautiful spirit she has formed in his and her children by her faithful training, — making them an honor to him as to herself, — wins upon his wilful habit, melts into his feeling, and operates a change in his temperament itself. Meantime, his years will have been setting him on, by a silent drift, where his will would never carry him, and changing, in fact, the current of his inclination itself. Till at length, dissatisfied with himself, and more softened to God, as he is more diverted from the satisfaction he once had in himself, he turns, with deliberate consent, to the call of Jesus, and finds what seemed to be a yoke to be easy as liberty itself." — pp. 38, 39.

The sermon from which we have quoted seems to us to show the finest insight of all, in its illustration of those "indirections" by which the heart of man is won to piety. Another example of the same quality is that on "Christian ability." Two very striking sketches of character, illustrating widely different points, are found in the sermon on "Integrity and Grace." Two references to the passions and events of the present time, one to the *dignity* of our soldiers' service, and the other to the righteous wrath of the defenders of the state, are the only departure we notice from the strictly religious and personal character of the discussion. And the features we have named appear to us strongly relieved above the general tone and level of the book. We complain — though with some hesitation — of a lack of precision in the thought as presented here. What, for example, is the nature of that "lost condition," from which the Christian salvation was the only possible escape?

The "Hymns of the Ages" * have now come to a third series, and appear this year again in the same handsome, soberly elegant form as heretofore, and with like familiar matter of well-selected sacred lyrics, high-sounding or sweet-toned, and spiritual songs tender and truthful. We trust it is a hint that this is not the last in the series, where the Preface tells us that in this volume not half the manuscript material

* Hymns of the Ages. Third Series. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

in the compilers' hands could find place. The next edition will offer the chance to correct the oversight of attributing to Milton the verses on page 250, and to give the right name, Elizabeth Lloyd Howell. We should like to see, too, an index of authors' names. And it may be a whim of ours, but the title of "Rev." here and there seems a bit intrusive, and may well be omitted.

It does not take from the value of the book, to find some of our most familiar hymns in it, but rather adds to the worth and pleasure of it. The best hymn-book is one founded on Watts. We are well aware that this is, nowadays, the deadest conservatism. But such is our taste and belief. Barring that he is unequal, and disfigures his hymns with an atrocious theology, which can be made no more lyric than true, still he remains easily the first and head of our writers of hymns, in certain eminent points of excellence. He is, in truth, more hymn-singer than hymn-writer. And that is the condition to a real hymn, that it shall come out of the singing spirit, not by the composing, constructing wits. Comparatively few sets of stanzas which take that name have a right to it. In few is it given to the lyric power to have free course and be glorified.

"In Time of War," is the first caption. And the hymns under it are fitly selected; trumpet-notes, for the most part, leading on the fight and leading in the victory of the cause of the people and of God; not wanting either the milder mood of the songs of Peace; and, where there is funeral music, the triumph of heroic souls, with strong and tender comforts to the sorrowful heard in it, such as Beethoven and Chopin put into their death marches.

The captions succeed one another: Patience, Praise, God, Christ, Son, Quiet, Heaven, The One Church. Under these headings, what treasures should not be found? And we do find fit expression given to many great thoughts, gentle moods, deep desires, and soaring faiths, in many a hymn truly precious in the agreement of form with inspiration. They date all the way from the sixth century to to-day. But, oldest and newest, they deal with that which is older than the ancientest, and newer than the latest of them. And this is the ground of their excellence, and of the esteem in which they are held, that worthily and sincerely they deal with that Truth in souls, whose infinite variety age cannot wither, and custom cannot stale, and with which every heart, as it is pure, finds itself at home, in a dear and sacred kinship.

At the opening page is figured Fra Angelico's splendid "Bird of God," with loud uplifted angel-trumpet sounding his high heavenly *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*. On the closing page we read an aspiration of this newest time toward that Life of Ages, the Love of God flowing in the Prophet's word and the People's liberty to His high earthly glorifying. It is well and becoming in a Hymnal of the Holy Catholic Church so to begin and end.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

It has long seemed strange to us that Miss Martineau's History of the Peace * — on which her great and deserved reputation in England mainly rests — should be so rare a book, and so difficult to be found by American readers. Having given it some study a few years ago, we were prepared to welcome in advance the announcement of its republication, in a completer as well as more convenient form than the costly English volumes.

This History, it appears, was begun by Mr. Charles Knight, who, with the assistance of Professor Craik, had completed the First Book, or half the Introduction, — carrying the narrative half-way through the period of the wars with Napoleon. The entire Introduction, down to the second Treaty of Paris, in 1815, fills the first volume of this edition. We have found it very interesting, not merely as a summary in outline of the events of that great struggle, but because the point of view is that of the home policy and home feeling of the English themselves during that period. So that it loses its dryness as a chronicle or summary, and becomes a perpetual reflection of the national mind and temper. And the incidents, personal and biographical, in which the political history of the time is given, are not only very interesting in themselves, but are just those features of the history rarest to find in popular compilations, and most desirable to preserve.

Miss Martineau's own share in this work is one of those marvels of literary industry of which her own life is full, — among the most remarkable in all the history of letters. It was begun, she tells us, "in the autumn of 1848, and the last pages were at press before the close of 1849," — the sequel, from 1846 to 1854, having been prepared for the present edition. These dates, when we consider the period of time, thirty years, and the vast amount of material to be included, quite disarm criticism on the literary workmanship. Assuming it as such an amount of work to be done by contract, and delivered at such a date, the wonder is not merely that it should be done so well, but that it should have been done at all. We have to regard it as a work of industry, rather than as a work of art. And this, perhaps, explains its limited reputation compared with its intrinsic value. The conditions of its composition make it unjust to look for the qualities we demand in the great classical histories, and forbid us to expect anything else, essentially, than a chronicle. What we do require is, that the chronicle shall be complete as far as may be, and that it shall be fair. We believe it is absolutely without cavil in both respects.

We should reckon as the first of its merits, that it is *indispensable*. History, in the popular imagination, leaps from brilliant point to point, among the events that dazzle the fancy and stir the pulses of the blood. But history, as the maturer judgment sees, must also move quietly, in plain paths, and its best lessons are often those which are oftenest neg-

* History of the Peace; being a History of England from 1816 to 1854. With an Introduction, 1800–1815. By Harriet Martineau. Vols. I., II. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

lected. The comparatively dull level of the thirty years of peace has left its deep marks on the institutions, the literature, the thought, the art and business, the social and home life, of the English people. Even to understand their writers, much more to apprehend the spirit of their thinking, and the lessons of their experience, we need some clear, brief, accessible narrative of the plain facts, such as we have never had until now. This is the first, unchallenged merit of the work before us, — its necessity.

Again, one learns, with a constant surprise, the interest both of characters and scenes in this comparatively neglected level of almost contemporary annals. To the older reader, they bring back in brief the vivid reminiscence; to the younger, they give a fund of serviceable information. Merely to hint at the course of the narrative is to suggest its great interest and value. The reaction after the long desperate war waged on the continent of Europe; the financial embarrassment and collapse; the "labor-battles," resulting from the passions and distresses of the population; the long parliamentary struggles of a liberalism that made such steady though slow advance; the reform-triumphs of 1832, with its fruits in the colonial and home policy two years later; the conspiracy to set aside the succession of the crown in the interest of a baffled toryism; the warm enthusiasm that welcomed a new and maiden reign; the well-won triumph of free-trade over protection in 1846, — these topics suggest something of the nature of that interest to be looked for in these volumes. And when we include with them the personal memories of the writer, and the keen sympathy with the feeling and movement of the period she describes, growing warmer and clearer from year to year, from the eager thoughts of an intelligent childhood to the mature convictions of her later years, we have said enough to indicate the remarkable and unique value of this work.

One further remark on its mode of composition will help us to a fair judgment of its merit, whether as a literary work, or as a source of instruction to us in the problems that await our future. The mere statement that it was begun and finished in about the compass of one year, shows that — unless a careless and idle compilation, which it is not — it is written by the dogmatist of a theory, and is the mouthpiece of a clear, definite, precise, perhaps narrow, creed in politics, philosophy, and life. Miss Martineau has suffered some radical changes of opinion in her day; but whatever opinion she has held, it has been with no misgiving of its truth and with no hesitation in its defence. She is a woman too intelligent and too largely informed to be called a bigot; but, in the strictest meaning which can be given to that word, she has always written, thought, and spoken as a *doctrinaire*. She never forgets that she is writing in the interest of the latest school of English liberalism; she never misses the chance to strike a blow in the name of free-trade against protection. She has no need, in this History, to search for truth, only to expound doctrine by events. Even the brief Preface in which she commends her work to the new circle of American readers, hoping it may serve us in the imminent exigencies of the time, is nearly half taken up with a lecture on free-trade, and an admonition of the error

of our American policy. For which advice we heartily thank her, and hope to follow it — when our war-debt is paid off, and when protection has had its perfect work in developing the sources of our national industries, as thoroughly as they in England have developed theirs. Meanwhile, the reader will mark these two members of what mathematicians call the "personal equation" in this book; — the hints of personal experience here and there, which it is so pleasant to detect, and the substructure of personal opinion which crops out here and there, and of which we can always foretell the dip and trend. This latter may hurt the value of the book as a work of philosophy or art; but it was the one indispensable condition of its having been produced at all.

The two very neat volumes of the present issue bring the history down to the year 1826. Among the incidental matters of interest which we have referred to may be mentioned the sickness and death of Pitt (Vol. I. p. 140); the abolition of the slave trade (*id.* 201); machinery and frame-breaking (*id.* 334); the bitter winter of 1814 (*id.* p. 415); the heat and drought of 1826 (Vol. II., p. 429); the collapse and panic of 1825 (*id.* p. 413); and the "necrology" of illustrious names which closes each of the volumes under review. But the topics of larger interest, both in the political and the personal history of the time, are more abundant in the later portion of the work, which, we trust, will not be long delayed.

The title of Mr. Maine's "Ancient Law" * hardly suggests the extraordinary interest of his volume, not merely to students of his own profession, but to scholars generally, and, in particular, to those who wish to understand the first principles of Social Science. Mr. Maine himself has pointed out the striking difference between the speculations of a century ago, which proceeded from a baseless theory or idea of the origin of society, and those of the present day, which proceed upon a careful and accurate study of known facts. And one of the most fruitful suggestions of his volume is that of the complex, artificial, and highly developed condition of what we are apt to take for primitive facts in our reading of ancient history and custom. The value to the philosopher of positive institutions and existing codes has never perhaps been so fully set forth as we find it, quite incidentally and by implication, in the present volume. We should be apt to say that its philosophical importance is even greater than its literary or technical or legal value.

We have copied Mr. Maine's personal titles in full, because they suggest the sources and the quality of that learning of which he exhibits so remarkable and so easy a mastery. The classic erudition of the schools, familiar knowledge of the ponderous and highly developed

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* Ancient Law; its Connection with the Early History of Society, and its Relation to Modern Ideas. By Henry Sumner Maine, Member of the Supreme Council of India, formerly Reader on Jurisprudence and the Civil Law at the Middle Temple, and Regius Professor of the Civil Law in the University of Cambridge. First American from the Second London Edition. New York: Charles Scribner. 8vo.

Civil Code, with parallels and illustrations drawn from laws and practices in Hindostan, — these three are about equally conspicuous in his pages, the marked predominance being given, of course, to the second. But the quality which appeals most forcibly to the reader's mind, and carries most instruction, is the extraordinary steadiness of grasp and clearness of treatment with which he has developed the *antecedents* of written law. For the very earliest codes known to us, as he illustrates, are by no means the creation of the lawgiver, but are the term and summary of a long period of spontaneous development; and rightly to interpret the code, it is necessary to go behind it, and trace out the elements from which it has grown.

The earliest form in which law is distinctly spoken of is as the spon taneous edict, or (as it were) the special inspiration, of the lawgiver: in Homer, the "Themis" who inspires him, or the "themistes" which he delivers; precisely, in fact, like the sentences pronounced by the Turkish Cadi, in so many popular tales, the edict of an unchallenged and divine authority. It is a later stage of generalization that makes of these "themistes" a tradition and a mystery, — the peculiar possession of an aristocracy, — a rude system of common law, administered and interpreted by a ruling order, — as in Rome by the patriciate and in Oriental countries by the priesthood. And later still, that tradition, edict, custom, and "case-law" we find gathered and harmonized in a written code, — like the "Twelve Tables" of the Decemvirs, — which thence becomes the germ of a vast development, and the theme of endless commentary.

But what is the origin of the deference paid to the "themistes"? and, in particular, whence the regard for the rights of person and property? What is the *ultimate fact* in human nature, or the history of human society, which stands to us as the absolute beginning of property and authority and law? Some say, the mere assertion of brute force; some, the occupation, by any one man, of a given spot of ground, and the instinctive respect shown to that occupation by other men. But the earliest known facts prove neither. Rather they show that ancient society, and the laws of ancient states so far as known to us, know absolutely nothing of the individual. The unit of the state is the family, not the man. Each householder — like the tribe or clan, which is made of many households — is represented by its chief. Ancient law, in defining the relations among these households, was of the nature of international law. In fact, modern international law mostly borrows the principles and maxims of the civil codes which first applied to the relations of citizens in their representative capacity as heads of households. The property there recognized is not the property of the man, but the common property of the family. The father, or the eldest male representative of the family after him, holds and administers it in trust. Hence the theory of the "gens," or house, as made up of families allied in blood, and of the pure aristocratic state, as made up of many houses. Hence the frequency and importance of adoption, to maintain the existence of a family in a male representative, and the law-maxim, that *mulier est finis familiæ*. Hence the theory of "gentile inherit-

ance," — the estate, in default of lineal heirs, reverting as a common possession to the house; that is, to all free citizens bearing the gentile name. Hence the importance of the "agnatic" relationship as defined by Roman law, — that is, the relationship purely by male descent, the woman marrying into another house forfeiting her claim on that in which she was born. Thus the "gens" Smith includes *all*, and includes *only*, those who have kept the surname Smith. Hence the abhorrence among the Romans of dying intestate, and so suffering perhaps the dearest loved of all one's children or descendants, the favorite daughter or the emancipated son, to lose all share in the family estate. The family, the paternal authority, the patriarchal rule, thus becomes the key for interpreting those parts of ancient life most apart from modern custom, and, in particular, for tracing the wide difference in the origin, the title, and the inheritance of wealth. "Joint ownership, and not separate ownership, is the really archaic institution." (p. 251.) It is the late effect of legal interpretation to "convert the patrimony of many into the estate of one." (p. 231.)

Such, very imperfectly stated, is the theory of ancient society which is laid down by Mr. Maine, with clear and masterly precision, and which must serve hereafter as the corner-stone of our historical as well as our legal philosophy. In a measure, and as a key to the early history of Rome, Niebuhr had already made the thought tolerably familiar; and, simply as matter of interesting comparison, we should have been glad if Mr. Maine had traced the analogies in the Mosaic code, or had borrowed Vico's vivid illustration of the early condition of society which he portrays, — both which seem rather difficult to avoid in an investigation of this kind. The peculiar merit of the present volume consists, first, in the clear, firm, and demonstrative way in which the point is laid down; and secondly, in the extraordinary skill, felicity, and learning with which it is traced, through its developments and modifications, into its relations with modern law and the history of modern thought. Mr. Maine's powers of philosophical analysis and exposition are of a high order, as shown in what he says (pp. 342 – 345) of the intellectual differences between the Romans and the Greeks, and in a passage (pp. 329 – 332) in which he treats of the study of Roman jurisprudence as part of the philosophical training of modern Europe, together with its application (p. 337) to the development of Christian ethics.

Besides the high critical and speculative value which the student of this volume will recognize, there are many extremely curious points of ancient manners, — such as those pertaining to the formalities of bequest and the obligation of contracts (see pp. 186, 229, 263, 303), — which are important not merely as antiquities, but from their bearing on moral science, throwing light on those most perplexing and offensive examples of trickery which meet us in Greek and Roman story. For it was an unquestioned maxim of ancient law, that the formalities, with or without the promiser's will or understanding, were valid, while the promise without the formalities was void.

Among the ancient habits of thought upon which light is thrown in

this volume, perhaps none is more instructive than the theory of the "law of nature" as held by Roman jurists (p. 76), together with its modern interpretations. From the latter we copy the following, respecting "the effect which it produced on the minds of the French lawyers." While holding tenaciously, in practice, to the existing code, whose evils they were helpless, or at least hopeless, to remedy,

> "They became passionate enthusiasts for Natural Law. The law of nature overleaped all provincial and municipal boundaries; it disregarded all distinctions between noble and burgess, between burgess and peasant; it gave the most exalted place to lucidity, simplicity, and system; but it committed its devotees to no specific improvement, and did not directly threaten any venerable or lucrative technicality. Natural Law may be said to have become the common law of France, or, at all events, the admission of its dignity and claims was the one tenet which all French practitioners alike subscribed to." — p. 82.

Then the sequel. This hypothesis

> "passed suddenly from the forum to the street, and became the key-note of controversies far more exciting than are ever agitated in the courts or the schools. The person who launched it on its new career was that remarkable man who, without learning, with few virtues, and with no strength of character, has nevertheless stamped himself ineffaceably on history by the force of a vivid imagination, and by the help of a genuine and burning love for his fellow-men, for which much will always have to be forgiven him. We have never seen in our own generation — indeed, the world has not seen more than once or twice in all the course of history — a literature which has exercised such prodigious influence over the minds of men, over every cast and shade of intellect, as that which emanated from Rousseau between 1749 and 1762." — pp. 83, 84.

A complete review of this volume would require us to examine Mr. Maine's summary of the influences at work in the modification or reform of written codes, viz.: 1. Legal Fictions; 2. Equity; 3. Legislation (p. 25); his account of the Roman judicature, so aptly described as a "cycle of offices briskly circulating among the leaders of the bar" (p. 34); the comparison of Roman and English "precedents" (p. 38); and the detailed exposition of the nature and character of that *patria potestas*, the original source of human authority, with its relation to the state, the children, and the slaves. But we can do little more, in this brief notice, than call attention to its very unusual interest to scholars and thinkers generally, as well as to the honorable profession which it especially addresses.

On whatever subject Tayler Lewis writes, he writes learnedly, vigorously, and with a genuine enthusiasm. His devotion to classic studies does not hinder his zeal in the questions of his own time. He is at once a scholar and a patriot, a Greek of the Greeks, and an American of the Americans. He is ready for any discussion, whether it be of the meaning of Plato in his Dialogues, of the "Six Days of Creation," of "American Slavery, the sum of all villanies," or of that fatal heresy of "State Rights," which ruined the republics of Hellas, and has come

near to ruining our own republic. In his last work * he has given the historical parallel between those Grecian States and these States which are now at war, and has shown in a very striking manner how weak and how disastrous is this pleading for a confederacy instead of a nation, — how all the force that the States can hold and keep comes from their united, and not from their separate life, — how petty and contemptible disunion makes them. The tone of this pamphlet upon State Rights is like the blast of a trumpet or the voice of a prophet. It ought not to be lost in the strangely inadequate edition of two hundred and fifty copies, but ought to be sent far and wide through the land by the Union League Committees, as far as the heresy that it combats has gone.

Of all the books which the war has called out, there is no class more valuable to the historian than that which gives an inside view of the Rebellion, like Mr. Baxter's narrative of events in Northwestern Arkansas during 1861 and 1862.† In this remote mountain region, perhaps the least accessible part of the Union, in a beautiful and fertile valley on the upper course of the White River, is — or rather was — the pleasant and thriving town of Fayetteville, which we know from other testimony than Mr. Baxter's to have been, in its quiet beauty and cultivated society, like a New England village transplanted into the very borders of the wilderness. This region was loyal through and through, Washington County (with the largest voting population in the State) giving "a Union vote of from nineteen hundred to twenty-one hundred, out of a voting population of twenty-five hundred." The book before us, by the President of Arkansas College, before the war a promising young seminary in Fayetteville, tells in a simple and earnest way how Secession has ravaged and ruined this region. The author, with his stanch Union friends, stayed by his home as long as possible; but at last, when the country had been swept over again and again by the tide of war, the town made desolate, the College burnt, and his means of livelihood all gone, he reluctantly went North, and is now preaching in Cincinnati.

The testimony given here as to the contrast between the conduct of the two armies which alternately occupied the country is most emphatic and gratifying. The brutal coarseness of McCulloch and the more refined heartlessness of Hindman do not differ more from the chivalrous magnanimity of Asboth and Herron, than the behavior of one army did from that of the other. It was the Rebels that burned the College, plundered the town, and murdered the citizens, although in their own country, as they claimed. The Union forces came, with few exceptions, to protect. It is well to notice this. The eyes of the North, as well as of Europe, have been so dazzled by the genius and

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* State Rights. A Photograph from the Ruins of Ancient Greece. By Prof. Tayler Lewis, LL. D. Albany: J. Munsell. 1864. pp. 96.

† Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove; or, Scenes and Incidents of the War in Arkansas. By William Baxter. Cincinnati: Poe and Hitchcock. 1864. 12mo. pp. 262.

personal honor of General Lee, that we are apt to forget that wherever his personal influence does not extend the Rebellion is now what it was in its beginning, lawless and barbarous.

Very striking is the history given of the fate of the college class which left their teacher early in the war, dragged — many of them aginst their sympathies — into the army. One,

"who had ever advocated the Union side," "was in the Confederate ranks at Wilson's Creek, and came out of the conflict unharmed, although four of his comrades fell by his side; but disease contracted in the camp fastened upon him, and with words of prayer upon his lips he died, and peacefully sleeps his last sleep near the scene of the fearful struggle at Port Hudson. Another, a noble Union boy, had his leg torn away by a cannon-ball at the Pea Ridge fight, and bled to death, — dying in a cause he never approved. Some were with Price at Lexington; one was taken prisoner in the rifle-pits at Fort Donelson; the last I heard of another was, that he was dying in a hospital at Memphis; another spoke when I last saw him of death being preferable to the life he was compelled to lead; and my favorite, if favorite I had when all were loved so well, with the unsparing conscript law hanging over him, spoke mournfully of the necessity which compelled him to fight without giving him a choice as to the cause in which life must be perilled; another fell at Corinth, and two brothers, side by side, at Iuka; the leader of those in College in favor of the South, after having passed safely through several battles, was, in my presence, taken not an unwilling prisoner, and returned to his allegiance." — p. 33.

The following entertaining story is told of a crazy Rebel prisoner.

"On the night of the 27th of October, 1862, General Schofield was reported to be near our town. By some means Bill had heard the rumor, and prepared himself accordingly. He went out to the edge of the town, and stationed himself by the roadside, and waited for the enemy. About midnight the head of the column came up, and Bill, in a commanding tone, gave the order to halt; it was obeyed, and they stood for some time in doubt, not knowing but that the order was given by authority. At last an officer asked, 'Who are you?' and Bill replied, 'Gen. Jim Rains.' This was enough; a number of guns were levelled, a volley was fired, and Bill fell, exclaiming in piteous tones, 'O, you have killed your grandmother! you have killed your grandmother!' He was unhurt, having, perhaps, fallen as he saw the guns levelled. His exclamation revealed his true character."

The flower of the British civilization has at length delivered its verdict on the American contest.* The nobility has spoken, and its oracle is one William Schomberg Robert Kerr, otherwise known as the Marquess of Lothian. This distinguished person has evidently nerved himself to the unaccustomed labor in a spirit of magnanimous duty. Here is an aristocracy of chivalrous gentlemen, the descendants of the Cavaliers, with "the habits of command, and the refinement and elevation of character which follows on the possession of hereditary wealth," actually in danger of destruction from a population of coarse and fanatical Puritans, who earn their own living, and don't know who their own grandfathers were, and who, with the instincts of low-bred and plebeian

* The Confederate Secession. By the Marquess of Lothian. Edinburgh and London. 1864.

natures, undertake to continue by force a partnership which every well connected person must see to have been unnatural from the first.

"The Southerners did not secede from caprice, but from reasons which would have justified not only a secession but a rebellion. They did not provoke the war, for all the provocation .... came from the Northern Abolitionists. They did not commence it, for the first act of war was Lincoln's perfidious attempt to throw supplies into Fort Sumter. And finally they could not know that the North would resist it by force, for there is no provision for such resistance by the Constitution." — p. 8.

When the Marquess says that all the provocation came from the Abolitionists, we are to presume he means the immediate provocation, for in another chapter he recites a dreadful list of Northern outrages, the most prominent among which is the persistent adhesion to the policy of protection. He cites also the expenditure of all the public money on public improvements, as an example of which we have this state ment.

"The coast-line of the Northern States is about 800 miles; that of the Southern States is about 2,500 miles, or more than three times as long. *Will it be believed that .... the amount of lighthouses provided for it is not more than half that provided for the North, perhaps hardly even that!*"— p. 53.

The noble Lord, as might be expected, considering the righteousness of the cause he is defending, is occasionally Scriptural in his illustrations. He personifies the North and South, for instance, under the characters of Jacob and Esau. He might have been more complimentary to his aristocratic friends, but he chooses to be correct and impartial. Esau's great mistake, he says, "was in not seceding in 1828," when the defeat of the Indigo Bill "snatched the bread from the lips of Virginia in order that Massachusetts might hang her walls with damask and dine off turtle-soup"; but the cup, it seems, was not yet full; "she could not make up her mind to desert the Union, cruel step-mother though it had been, and so she determined to try and bear her wrongs a little longer."

The noble author displays a commendable impartiality as to the helps of which he avails himself in making up his judgment. In regard to the character of New England, for instance, more especially of "aggressively godly Massachusetts," he has evidently consulted home cources, as the Boston Courier or the New York Express. He also speaks of the "Northern adder," which is probably a generalization from a certain Northern candidate for the Speakership of the House of Representatives, who was obliging enough to allude to his own constituency as "a nest of vipers." But in regard to facts, he has, we fear, depended too much upon the Morning Post or the Standard, and has been thus betrayed into some slight errors, — as where he says that "the only Federal fortresses in the seceded States are at Charleston, namely, Sumter and Pickens" (p. 152); or where he alludes to the voting population of the South as including three fifths of the slaves. But we ought not to expect from a Marquess the same servile accuracy that we should demand from a commoner.

His Lordship admires, with reason, "the stainless good faith of the

South, its scrupulous regard for the rights of hostile property, its tender consideration for the vanquished and the weak, its determination not to be provoked into retaliation by the most brutal injuries"; also its freedom from that offensive habit of boasting, so characteristic of the North. "The South does not brag. It is almost a pity that it does not a little more."

On the other hand, we are compelled to say that his opinion of the Northern States and their population is the reverse of flattering. He reckons up a dreadful list of atrocities which ought to freeze the blood even of the godless hypocrite of New England, and is convinced, "from statements he has seen in the papers," that "the horrors are all on one side," and that the "distinguished commander who told it as a good joke, that his soldiers, having sacked a place, found a couple of old women, who, being fit for nothing else, were made into soup, — would have been welcomed in the Federal army, and none the less for being of princely blood."

Lastly, he is profoundly impressed with the astonishing development of military talent in the Southerners, and with the equally remarkable absence of anything to correspond with it in the North; and he has undoubtedly seen reasons for confirming these impressions in the extraordinary failures of General Sherman in Georgia and General Thomas in Tennessee.

ESSAYS, ETC.

Mr. Smith* is not one of the few who can write essays. You feel in reading his book as if you were as idle as he was in writing it. Yet not idle in the way the philosopher or the poet seems idle to the noisy world he shuns, but idle with that vacant pretence of doing something which the world cannot appreciate, nor himself quite approve, as one sees by the pains he takes to defend himself. For the supreme idler, who throws off the burden of earthly ambitions, content to live on a crust for the sake of that intellectual freedom which alone is life, makes no excuses. He dwells in absolute unconsciousness of any motive for work; and never alludes to the subject except with a certain pity, as one touches upon a necessary evil. But the superficial idler, like Mr. Smith, is always uneasy. The world is vulgar, and I am not, he seems to say to you; behold me, therefore, withdrawn into the stillness of my garden, whence my wisdom goeth out unto the ends of the earth.

But the comparison which he seems thus ever to obtrude between the quiet of his life and the tumult of yours, does not tell much in his favor when you come to look at the results. For the man who "cares more for Charles Lamb than for Charles XII.," and would "rather build a fine sonnet than have built St. Paul's," who would rather discover a "new image than a new planet," and values "fine phrases more than bank-notes," and winds up by condensing his object in life in the statement that the "only fame he cares for is to be occasionally

* Dreamthorp: a Book of Essays written in the Country. By Alexander Smith, Author of "A Life Drama," "City Poems," etc. Boston: J. E. Tilton and Company. 1864.

quoted," must show more power than Mr. Smith has done in this instance before the world will check the currents of its tumultuous and turbid existence to listen to the plaintive declarations of his individual preference to be everlastingly remembered. We certainly cannot but commend Mr. Smith for the frankness with which he defines his position; but he seems to have forgotten that there are certain fearful barriers in this inharmonious world to the immediate success even of aspirations so moderate as his. He forgets that it is one thing to dream of glory, and another to win the glory he dreams of, — that a great essay, like any other great achievement in literature, is not to be produced to order by retiring to the country and pensively contemplating nature, but is to spring from a profound inspiration which compels the utterance and fashions its form.

Mr. Smith's poetry may be good or bad, — it is not at this moment under discussion, however much his reputation as a poet may be relied on to sell his prose. But certainly he has exhibited in these essays nothing of that imagination and insight and communion, if we may say so, between thought and feeling, without which essays are worth little and poetry nothing at all.

Not to be unfair, however, to Mr. Smith in general strictures, we select for a moment's consideration his essay upon "Men of Letters," as being the one we involuntarily turned to first, upon looking over the table of contents. It is there that we learn that, although not hero-worshippers like Hazlitt, we like to know what dishes our favorite heroes were partial to, and what sort of women they married; that it is pleasant to think occasionally of the "Mermaid in session, with Shakespeare's bland oval face, the light of a smile spread over it"; and that Boswell's Johnson is likely to last; that Charles Lamb stuttered puns as he dealt the cards with an odor as of punch in the apartment, — and that he (Smith) is fond of imaginary conversations, which, though they may not be as brilliant as Landor's, are quite as entertaining to him (Smith), — information which cannot possibly do any harm, indeed, but which is not perhaps exactly what we bargained for when we paid our money for the book. But when he goes on in his peculiar vein of quiet reflection and latent humor to apprise us that poets are likely to be remembered by name, and engineers are not, that Chaucer conceived a wondrous hall of glass centuries before it rose in Hyde Park in 1851, and that the electric telegraph is not so swift as Ariel (who can do the earth's circuit in forty minutes, as we have been told by Shakespeare, a great authority in the electric way), that, when a man "gazes at the stars, he is proverbially at the mercy of the puddles in the road," and finally, that, "when Apollo puts his name to a bill, he must meet it when it becomes due, or go into the Gazette," we feel a certain respect for the vacuity of our author's mind, which cannot but be deepened when he tells us that "the heat of inspiration may be subtracted from the household fire," and that, after being flayed in the "Saturday Review," the grasshopper becomes a burden, — the skin of a man of letters being "peculiarly sensitive to the bite of the critical mosquito."

But it is only when he rises to the consideration of the great question as to the effect of the profession of letters upon the character, that he attains the just measure of his philosophical perception and his practical wisdom. It is to Mr. Smith that men of letters must always owe the discovery that their profession interferes with the "elemental feelings," while the world in general will derive consolation from the knowledge that it is not given to every one to *live* (the italics signifying *in a pecuniary sense*) by "the artistic utilization and sale of his primal energies."

THE new volume of Herbert Spencer's Essays,* which has recently appeared in the issues of the Appletons, is more miscellaneous in its topics and more popular in its style than the scientific works that have preceded it; but is not any less remarkable for the wisdom of its views, the vigor of its thought, and the clearness of its expression. However profound, abstruse, and severely logical Herbert Spencer may be, he cannot be dull. He writes always with the practical understanding and purpose of a man of the world, and only dull readers can mistake his meaning. His discussions, too, with all their seriousness, have just that shade of humor that suggests a keenly observing and sympathetic spirit. The least satisfactory of the ten essays in the present volume are those on Personal Beauty and on Gracefulness, which seem to us too slight for insertion among discussions of so much larger reach and weight. The essay on the Philosophy of Style, full as it is of amusing hits and hints, is rather suggestive than thorough. But the four essays on Over-Legislation, on the Morals of Trade, on Representative Government, and on State Tamperings with Money and Banks, belong to the first class of essays in ability and completeness. In the essay on Representative Government, however, we cannot find that the vindication is as clear as the objections. The faults of this form of government are stated with masterly force and cumulative effect, but its virtues are rather affirmed in general phrases than distinctly exhibited. The impression left by the article is that Mr. Spencer, as a Liberal, *wishes* to believe in popular government, rather than that he *does* heartily believe in it. He has certainly made out a strong *primâ facie* case for the aristocratic side.

It is proper to add, that some of the abuses which these essays (written several years ago) expose have been corrected by subsequent legislation. Some of the remarks about Prisons, Banks, and Parliamentary Reform are obsolete.

THE Second Part of Faust † has long been a puzzle to the world, and will doubtless long remain such. In striking contrast with the first part, — which deals with human life in a concrete form, if one may say

* Essays, Moral, Political, and Æsthetic. By HERBERT SPENCER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1865. 12mo. pp. 386.

† Faustus. The Second Part. From the German of Goethe. By JOHN ANSTER, LL. D., M. R. I. A., Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Dublin. London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, and Green. 1864.

so, making the experience of an individual to stand for that of the race, — it passes from the region of fact to that of ideality in exchanging for the definiteness of a single career of trial and sorrow the weird phantasmagory of the follies of nations and the fitful allegories of human progress. The first part was the growth of a long life, the sum of a vast experience, the necessary expression of a profoundly poetic nature, a master-piece of art because truest to fact, unrivalled in ancient or modern literature. The second part was essentially an artificial production, not a necessity of the poet's nature, far less an expression of his life; it was rather something foreign to both, written to oblige the critics or to satisfy an imaginary sense of completeness. Thoroughly naturalistic as he was, its character impresses us at once as out of harmony with the tendencies of his mind. The mystery of life was as dark to him as to the Greeks who brooded over the fate that pursued the generations of men, and, like them, he was content to recognize its existence without attempting to discover its nature. His thought dwelt with earth and the things of earth, not in a low, but in a high and mighty manner, as befitted the man of so many endowments, of such all-embracing culture; in that respect in manifest contrast with Schiller, whose struggle was ever gilded by the ideal to which it was directed, far beyond and wholly irreconcilable with the common mind and the vulgar world. Goethe knew the heart of man better. He had studied it in too many ways, through too many years, to have any strong conviction that the moral perfection of which the world might be capable was likely soon to be attained. When he left the field of real life, therefore, as he had mirrored it in so marvellous a manner in the first part of Faust, to sweep through the regions of symbolisms and allegories and phantasms into which the ambition to complete what could not be completed, to explain what could not be explained, had driven him, he fell upon difficulties and took refuge in obscurities as wearisome and perplexing to us as they were insurmountable and vague to him.

It has been said of Goethe, that he was biographical in all that he wrote; that he had lived the dramas he composed and the songs he sung; that his works are the outgrowth, or, if we may say so, the *meaning*, of the scenes and events, of the gladness and the grief of his life. And no doubt this is true, not only in the sense in which every great writer expresses in his works, consciously or otherwise, the results of his experience, but in an especial degree in his case, since it was the teaching of his philosophy to write as he lived, if not to live as he wrote. The Second Part of Faust, therefore, in which he abandons at once his experience and his rule, is all the more difficult to understand, in that it contradicts not merely the principles of interpretation which are applied to the first part, but the life-long direction of his striving, and the general tone of his mind. It seems, indeed, as if for once he had resolved to give full sway to that very vagueness which he had guarded against so vigilantly all his life, — to those wild fancies he had hitherto so well repressed.

Again, the old age of a man of such transcendent genius has been said to have a tendency to lose itself in mysticism; it was so with

Michael Angelo, it is added, as with the few other great masters that have been permitted to reach the summit of the years, whence they could look backward upon the path they had traversed, so narrow and devious, and forward upon the ascending highway, luminous with the golden sunset light, through which, as through a flaming portal, the finite passes into the infinite. But if such be the case, the Second Part of Faust is not for us to read till we too have reached an equal summit to witness an equal glory. For our part, however, we are disposed to regard it in a more intelligible manner, as a departure, wayward or intentional, from the rule of his life, — as an excursion permitted at the last into the regions he had hitherto avoided, — as an attempt, grand, impressive, to penetrate a domain which it is not for us to enter, to commune with mysteries which it is not for us to explore. And the fragmentary manner in which it was written and published confirms our impression. The third act, Helena, so familiar to us in the translation of Carlyle, was the only one published during his life. The rest of it, which, as Gervinus so pompously says, was sketched in twenty years, and finished in eighty-two, was written in the last few years of his life, but not published till after his death.

The criticism in Germany upon the Second Part of Faust has been voluminous, but, as might have been expected, has contributed nothing whatever to the understanding of it. The favorite view, as set forth by Gervinus in his *Geschichte der deutschen Dichtkunst*, is to consider it in a double sense biographical, — as typical not only of the struggles and sorrows of humanity, but of those of Germany in its historical development. As Faust's earlier life, for instance, was an effort to reconcile intellectual and sensual things, so the life of the German people in the fifteenth century was a struggle to throw off the dogmatic asceticism of the Middle Age. But one has not to read far to find how worthless this view is as a key to the work. Gervinus came nearer the truth when he said it was meant to remain a puzzle, and as such to baffle the commentators it employed. To read in it an allegorical description of his life, or of that of the German people, is not only to misunderstand the character of the work, but to misunderstand Goethe. The mysteries, physical, moral, æsthetic, which he brought forward in it, so far from being the results of his culture, are just what his culture had taught him to shun as dangerous, or to resign as inscrutable. The phantom of Helena may have haunted the poet, indeed, as he writes to Zelter, for fifty years. But the fact that he avoided speaking of it, lest it should vanish utterly, is a certain corroboration of the view we have suggested. So very vague was it, so unreal, suggestive of so many relations, the shrine as it were of so many fancies, it is not strange that he should be afraid lest, if he sought to give it a bodily shape, it should escape him forever. Nor is the statement of Eckermann, that the work was intended for the stage, in necessary contradiction with what we have said. It is easy to conceive it adapted, not merely to dramatic representation, but to the production of great scenic effect.

Like Milton's Paradise Regained, or Klopstock's dramas, the Second Part of Faust will be praised, and left unread. Yet we cannot agree

with Gervinus, that it exhibits the effects of age upon Goethe's poetical powers. There is a beauty of imagery and a melody of verse in it unsurpassed in some respects by anything he has written. It is in its singular harmony of style, indeed, — the grace inimitable with which the word meets the thought, and both blend into music, — that the absolute impossibility of translation consists. We have often doubted, indeed, whether any great poem could be translated. But with the Second Part of Faust there can be no question. The attempt of Bernays, who, while avowing his conviction that it was never meant to be understood by any one, has yet had the effrontery to put it into English in prose, will not permit the mention of criticism. Of M. Blazé's translation into French we are fortunately wholly ignorant. Mr. Anster makes greater pretensions. It was more than forty years ago, we believe, that he first printed some of his translations of it in Blackwood's Magazine. They are now collected, and completed, and we dare say the work is as well done as it can be by one not born and educated for this special task. And if one is anxious for a notion of the chaos of the original, it would be well to read it; but one must go to the original itself if he would listen to some of the divinest melody ever breathed in human ears, or would learn whether Gervinus was right or wrong when he said that allegory was at once the cradle and the grave of poetry.

The work of M. Franck* is a popular statement of the philosophy of the East, by no means complete, but clear so far as it goes. His special object is to show in what degree and under what forms the idea of law was developed among the earliest nations of the East; and how in respect to certain great principles of ethics, as well as in a more elevated tone of thought, the East was superior to both Greece and Rome, that is, to the most civilized nations of the West. Beginning with the influences exercised in India by Brahminism and Buddhism, he passes on to Egypt and Persia and Judæa, and ends with China, which, in uniting the laws and manners of the East to the mental activity and the positive spirit of the West, seems to form a transition between the two.

China no more resembles India, he says, than India resembles Europe. Inferior to Palestine in religious ideas, inferior to Greece in poetical genius, it was superior to both by its political unity, by its perseverance in toil, and by the precocity as well as fecundity of its industrial talent. From time immemorial one finds their manufactures of metals and porcelain and silk. Two thousand years before Christ it knew the polarity of the magnet, the composition of powder, and the use of artillery. It early invented printing and engraving upon wood. Its inlaid work of precious stones, its enamels and bronzes, are of incomparable beauty. Its sculptures in ivory and mother-of-pearl have defied the emulation of Europe. But though the arts of peace have

* Études Orientales par Adolphe Franck, Membre de l'Institut, Professeur au Collège de France. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères, Libraires-Éditeurs. 1861.

always prevailed over those of war, the Chinese are by no means a wholly material people. Few nations possess a literature richer and more varied. What we call the worship of Confucius is only the solemn homage rendered to the memory of a great and good man. There is no religious idea in it whatever. Religion implies revelation, and no revelation is claimed for Confucius. The Chinese are philosophical rather than religious. They show no indications of the possession of an ideal in spiritual life. Entire liberty of conscience is their favorite doctrine. "Religions are diverse, reason is one," says a Chinese maxim. Christianity was excluded probably from purely political reasons, lest it should be made an instrument of European interference. It was essentially moral philosophy that Confucius taught. "Virtue consists in loving men," he said, "and science in knowing them." "How shall one know what death is," he replied to some one interrogating him as to its nature, "when one does not know what life is?"

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Dr. Newman's journeys in Palestine* were unusually extended. He went through the land in every direction, visited nearly all the sacred sites, and saw some things that very few travellers have seen. He was permitted to visit the enclosure of the Harem in Jerusalem, to examine the Mosque of Omar, and to explore the galleries of the substructions. He penetrated into the cave of Adullam. He witnessed the Samaritan Passover on the top of Gerizim, and he ascended Ebal. He can describe from personal memory nearly all the famous localities, the picturesque ruins, the rivers, mountains, gorges, and plains of the whole Syrian land. He is, withal, a good observer, and a good-natured man. Yet he has made an unsatisfactory book. Its style is ambitious, inverted, stiff, overloaded with epithets, and strangely ungrammatical. It is amazing to find the rules of Murray so disregarded by a Doctor of Divinity. There is a frequent inaccuracy, too, whether from ignorance or from carelessness, in the spelling of proper names. He calls the Lebanon the "Lebanons"; Abeih, "Abuh." There are provoking contradictions in his statements, as when, on page 414, he tells us that Hermon is "the *second* highest mountain in Syria," while on page 460 he shows it as the *third* in height. In the descriptions, too, both of cities and scenery, his language is truly Oriental in its hyperbole. The gardens around Sidon are praised as the "most luxuriant in the world," — and this, too, by one who has seen the gardens around Damascus. The Holy Land, which is bare and barren as he first tells its features, becomes in his special sketches a land everywhere of the most exuberant fertility and the most fascinating beauty. He is moreover exceedingly credulous, and repeats monkish legends about the sacred sites with no disapproval

* From Dan to Beersheba; or, the Land of Promise as it now appears. Including a Description of the Boundaries, Topography, Agriculture, Antiquities, Cities, and present Inhabitants of that Wonderful Land, with Illustrations of the Remarkable Accuracy of the Sacred Writers in their Allusions to their Native Country, Maps, and Engravings. By Rev. J. P. Newman, D. D. New York: Harpers. 1864. 12mo. pp. 485.

or scepticism. He doubts about the Holy Sepulchre, indeed, adopting Dr. Barclay's untenable theory, but accepts a multitude of other sites which have far less evidence in their favor. He is equally credulous in the Biblical narratives, and has no doubt that the sun and moon stood still at the command of Joshua. He confounds at Hebron the terebinth with the oak, treating them as identical; tells us of *tigers* on the banks of Jordan; and characterizes Jerome as the "Father of Church History." And he has a virtuous indignation against all the personages who in the Biblical story do not appear to advantage. Joshua, Samson, Solomon, have found no more valiant defender, and Ahab and the Herods no more truculent foe than this good Dr. Newman.

In the spring of 1853, Professor Felton sailed from Boston for Europe. Rapid travel through England, a short sojourn at London and Paris, brief days in Switzerland, and a crowded tour in Germany, brought him by the middle of October over the Alps, through Venice, Florence, and Rome, to Naples, where he embarked for Malta on his way to Constantinople and Athens, — the seats of that ancient learning to which his life had been devoted. The letters which, through all this swift travel and this rich experience, he wrote home to his family and friends, have now been collected;* and though we have to regret the loss of several on the way, the sketches which they give of the incidents and cause of his journey are sufficiently complete. As the title indicates, they are wholly familiar letters, occupied with his personal experience, and seldom deviating into any of those general speculations or those curious disquisitions which to a scholar of his taste and temperament must seem almost inevitable while traversing the fields and surveying the monuments of that splendid civilization which he had done so much for so many years to illustrate.

It was in this his first visit to Greece, that, as all who knew Mr. Felton will recall, his life seemed to receive a new and sudden enlargement, — that the enthusiasm with which he had studied the literature of ancient Greece was vivified and transformed as it were into something like a religious conviction of its ceaseless influence and its increasing importance, by the exhibition he beheld now with his own eyes of the wonderful vitality of the race, speaking the same language and displaying so many of the same intellectual traits by virtue of which it had once given form to the civilization of Europe. It is in that part of the present volume, therefore, which relates to Greece, that its chief interest will be found. Mr. Felton's opportunity and preparation, however, for seeing the best Greek society in Athens and elsewhere, must make us regret that he has not been more systematic and minute in his account of it, knowing as we do how difficult it is to obtain an accurate picture of it from one competent, by a knowledge of the language, as well as by a study of the history and a sympathy with the aspirations of the Greeks, to do it justice. But his remarks upon

* Familiar Letters from Europe. By Cornelius Conway Felton, late President of Harvard University. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865.

Athens, and the present condition of its inhabitants, will nevertheless be found instructive; while the vivacity and humor which characterize the account of his short tour in Greece cannot fail to attract even those who care nothing for classical associations, and know nothing of that ancient world of which their own is the heir.

The condition of "the sick man" comes before us again in the account which M. Georges Perrot has given of the provinces and the peoples of the Lesser Asia.* M. Perrot is a scholar and an investigator, a very "learned Theban" in his mousing love of old records and his antiquarian patience in discovering inscriptions. Yet he is withal a lively writer, with a genuine appreciation of creature comforts, a quick sense of the ludicrous, and a shrewd observation of the facts of the life which passes before him. This goodly octavo is not a report of scientific results, which will appear elsewhere in their proper place, but is a very entertaining and edifying journal of travel and adventure. M. Perrot writes well, without trying to write well. His journal is a sketch-book, so graphic that it needs no illustration of the pencil, and scarcely even needs a map that we may trace the course of the wanderer. It tells of some towns that are rarely visited, and tells new things of some cities that are often visited. It will mortify the tourist who has come back from the ordinary track of Eastern pilgrimage, that he was so unwise as to omit from his survey the mountains of Bithynia and Pontus, the bazaars of Broussa and Angora, and the curious ruins of ancient Amasia, when he could have seen these with such moderate outlay, with such slight hardships and dangers, and within such a reasonable time.

M. Perrot occupies a middle ground between those who think that the Turkish Empire is just ready to fall in pieces, and those who think its condition satisfactory and its future assured. He thinks that it is decaying, but that it will not fall just yet; that the reforms which have been attempted may hold it up for a while longer, but cannot finally save it. The Turks will hold sway in this strange conglomerate of races, simply because there is no other race in the Empire who are either fit to rule, or whose rule would be tolerated. The Greeks are bright, ambitious, and enterprising; but a revival of the Byzantine Empire is neither practicable nor desirable. It would give the East no better government, and would certainly lead to interminable civil wars. The increase of Russian power in the Levant is of course intolerable to a patriotic Frenchman. In the matter of religion, M. Perrot is not a bigot, though on the whole he considers the Latin Church as most favorable to public order and the peaceful development of material resources. He makes small account of missionary efforts, and insists upon the impossibility of making Western theosophies intelligible to the Eastern mind. The barrier of language is fatal. "We must never

* Souvenirs d'un Voyage en Asie Mineure. Par Georges Perrot, Ancien Membre de l'École Française d'Athènes. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1864. 8vo. pp. xxiv., 516.

lose sight of the fact, that in words of which we seem to have the equivalents in our Dictionaries, our Oriental companions in conversation hide always ideas which are quite foreign to us." One promising fact, however, for the future of education, he mentions. Wherever there is education, wherever the Greek schools go, the teaching is *free*. At the foot of Bithynian Olympus, there is still gratuitous teaching of the tongue of Xenophon and Plato.

Seldom has a sadder book appeared than the series of letters dedicated by Hon. Auberon Herbert to his mother, the Countess Dowager of Carnarvon.* It is but a brief view of a hopeless struggle, confined to a single point of space, and leaving us in the midst of the unequal resistance of a brave race to national dismemberment. In the contest which has just closed, the Danes had nothing but their just cause and their hereditary courage. Immensely outnumbered, they were miserably armed, wretchedly fortified, and weakened by too great extension. Called suddenly from peaceful pursuits, unacquainted with the wonderful improvements in weapons of destruction, awkward in military movements, officered with inexperienced generals, or with none at all, the heroic defenders of their country stood up in their feeble breastworks without hope, yet without a murmur; expecting to perish where they stood, but seeking no escape from their unavailing doom. A small band of undrilled peasants, with no better cannon than twelve-pounders, behind a row of enfiladed earthworks, slowly slain by the German military science, forbidden to check their enemy's advance by a single sortie, one cannot help admiring the victims, however useless the sacrifice. Their private virtues only add to the indignation one feels at their slow murder. Herbert found them strictly temperate, uniformly courteous, thoroughly honest, the finest peasantry he had ever known. An unlocked portmanteau of his travelled several days through this disturbed country in search of its owner, and reached him at Sönderborg entirely undisturbed. All such favors he returned by hazarding his life to save a wounded Dane lying within range of the Prussian rifles. That England should have betrayed this unwarlike people to their ruin, should have taken the cards out of their hands, played them to the advantage of their antagonists, then have thrown them in their face when the game was utterly lost, is too shameful, — is, as Herbert says, a "hateful subject." As this is not the first time English selfishness has played this base part, her advice will be less regarded in the future; her friendship will be seen to be a burden, not a blessing; her policy will be despised as cowardly; her place among the leading powers will be in danger of being forfeited.

The report of the recent English mission to the brutal King of Dahome† is one of the most unpleasant books of travel ever written.

* The Danes in Camp: Letters from Sönderborg. By Auberon Herbert. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1864.

† A Mission to Gelele, King of Dahome. By Richard F. Burton. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1864. 2 vols.

Neither the style, the details, the spirit, nor the result commend it to any Christian person's regard. From his scorn of the black race, his hearty approval of slavery, his entire despair of philanthropic effort, and his inability to urge upon Gelele any steps for the elevation of his people beyond the abolition of human sacrifices and the slave-trade, Richard Burton was certain to fail in his mission, as he did entirely. He has failed, too, in making a tolerably interesting book. The body of it, being descriptions of public solemnities held by Gelele before his ill-starred expedition to Abeokuta, is absolutely disgusting, unspeakably tedious, and more barren of instruction than any similar narrative of savage life. Its very language is strangely affected; such words as "castey-looking," "fighteress," "anastomose," "stratopyga," disfigure every page, mingled with hundreds of allusions very intelligible to Mr. Burton's personal friends, but mere Sanscrit to the general reader.

According to him, most of our knowledge of Dahome is an error. The population does not exceed 150,000; the Amazons are not more than 2,500, and the male troops will hardly number 10,000. The country is a parched-up desert, depopulated by tyranny, reduced by aggressive war, compelled by a cruel despot to depend upon the slave-trade for income, while sugar, coffee, tobacco, cotton, might be raised to immense profit. Milk is unknown, meat rarely eaten, poultry very dear; water itself has to be bought. As the reigning monarch, after declaring that he and the Queen of England are one, — that Gelele is the head of the kingdom of Dahome and Victoria the tail, — resolutely refused to abandon human sacrifices, to relinquish his war upon Abeokuta, or prohibit the slave-trade, the English commissioner returned a humbler, if not a wiser, man than he went. Absurdly enough, after asserting repeatedly in his book that there is no longer any United States, he threatened Gelele with what the United States would do if he kept up the slave-trade. Letting us know the fact of Dahome's having adopted many Christian emblems, he asserts that Mohammedanism, by prohibiting impure meats and spirituous liquors, by enforcing ablution and decent dress, by discouraging monogamy and introducing polygamy, has improved the African's *physique*, and consequently his *morale*.

The Foreign Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was sent out to the Sandwich Islands, as we erroneously term that group discovered by Captain Cook, midway between China and Panama, to ascertain if the mission churches were ready for self-government. After forty years' correspondence on the subject, and four months' stay among the islanders, Dr. Anderson gives a lengthy report,* favorable, as might be expected, to the missionaries, eulogistic of their labors, and decisive in favor of giving up this new-made Christianity to its own guidance. His standard of judgment regarding Hawaiian piety would naturally lead him to estimate highly the results of forty years' missionary labor and the expenditure of a

* Hawaiian Islands. By Rufus Anderson, D. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1864.

million of dollars. Not denying the intemperance and licentiousness which have characterized these islands from their first discovery, he contrasts their piety with that of the Corinthian church in St. Paul's time, and with their own past. He admits that their population is decreasing, through their own besetting sins; but he declares that this decay began before the arrival of the missionaries, and has been struggled against by all their influence. And undoubtedly he is right.

What the future of these promising outposts of Christianity will be, he does not pretend to predict. The productiveness of the rich soil in sugar, rice, cotton, and coffee, their position midway in the Pacific, and the healthiness of the climate, insure them against depopulation; but at present it seems as if other races would come in to reap the harvest, to set up other religious institutions, and counterwork the influence exerted by the American missionaries, who are generally aged men, and are not to be replaced by similar emissaries from the United States.

Besides a small settlement of Mormons who are not polygamists, and a Roman Catholic mission under a bishop, the English Episcopalians seem to have violated the comity of missions by sending out Bishop Staley as the head of a High-Church establishment, under the immediate patronage of the court, and in a spirit of hostility to Evangelical Congregationalism. Dr. Anderson does not question the right of Episcopalians to hold service there; but, as the American missionaries had wrought a great work at immense cost, he thinks they ought to be protected from disturbance, that any other form of Protestant worship ought to be in sympathy with those already in possession of the field, and that the natives should not be perplexed by the pitiful spectacle of controversy among their spiritual guides.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is manifestly unjust to entitle a book devoted to the perishing classes, "the condition of the people of England,"* and to publish in 1863 statistical tables not brought down below the year 1849. Though the American war has notoriously increased English pauperism, though the diminished duties on liquors have favored intemperance, though sectarian jealousy still blocks up the road to national education, yet a book whose whole force is its statistical details does not satisfy if not brought as near as possible to our own day. And this the American editor was bound to do, from the English blue-books, when he gave us these chapters from the larger work, "The Social Condition of the People of Europe," published thirteen years ago in London. It is not enough for the American Preface to state that English paupers had increased since 1851 about five per cent annually; that, with three millions more population, less land was under cultivation than in 1851; and that the thirty millions of population consume thirty-one million gallons of spirits, besides rivers of wine and oceans of beer. Foot-notes should have been added from the latest government reports, making it sure that we are

* Social Condition and Education of the People of England. By Joseph Kay. New York: Harpers. 1863.

not lamenting over a defunct abuse. Such awful statements as crowd these pages could scarce be true in any country thirteen years after they were put before the whole public, commented upon in the reviews, enforced in the leading journals, and discussed in the supreme legislature.

Mr. Kay's examinations touch three main points. First, the misery of the peasantry. While population increases, cottages diminish, small farms decrease, small estates are getting swallowed up in large ones; so that round after round of the ladder by which a young farmer could rise is cut away. The English peasant is unable to buy land, to own a house, to secure a farm as tenant at will, to carry his wife, when he marries, anywhere but to his father's or brother's thatched hovel, and occupy the common bedroom of the family. Second, the increase of profligacy. In Wales, the sexes "herd together like beasts," so that it is idle to expect them to be restrained by religion or conscience. In Norfolk and Suffolk, "there appears to be a perfect want of decency among the people." Several clergymen testify that "the immorality of the young women is literally horrible, and is increasing in the most extraordinary degree." One does not see how anything else can be expected, when not only whole families sleep together in a single chamber; but boarders of either sex share this human pig-pen, from which the commonest decencies are excluded by want of room, by absolute poverty, and by the stupor of utter abandonment. Third, that half of the poor can neither read nor write; that more than half the children from five to fourteen attend no school whatever; that many even of the village teachers cannot read and write correctly; that many of the dame schools do more harm than good, creating a disgust for the Scriptures and a loathing for the restraint; that in many an unventilated cellar or garret the school-children are kept standing all day; that many districts are too divided in religious opinion, and many others too stupid and poor, to build, equip, or sustain decent schools. So that the closing words of the book cannot strike any one with surprise, that the English poor are more pauperized, more irreligious, and very much worse educated than the poor of Europe generally.

Among our few humorous poets, Saxe is deservedly one of the most popular. His versification is smooth and facile, while an overflowing humor and a lively wit underlie nearly all his productions. The spirit of mirthfulness has been somewhat sobered, perhaps, in his more recent poems; but it is still one of his most marked characteristics, and if it finds, on the whole, less frequent expression in his new volume * than in some of his previous collections, it nevertheless colors the whole of these very clever stories. They are twenty in number, — Italian, Persian, Arabian, Norwegian, German, etc., — and are admirably told. Several of them, indeed, are among the best pieces that their author

* Clever Stories of Many Nations. Rendered in Rhyme by John G. Saxe. Illustrated by W. L. Champney. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865. Small 4to. pp. 192.

has ever written; and no one can read them without a smile. "The Tartar who caught a Tartar," "The Blind Men and the Elephant," and "Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt," to name no others, are in a marked degree characteristic of their author's genius. The illustrations by Champney are nearly perfect in their way; and the typographical execution of the volume is not surpassed by any recent production of the press.

We have already * told our love and admiration for Charles Lamb. Holding his "chaff" to be indeed regal, we of course welcome the gathering of it by a painstaking hand and a vigilant and seeking eye. In thorough sympathy with his congenial task, Mr. Babson (we cannot allow such a literary benefactor to be known only by his initials) hunted far and wide, in every nook, corner, and crevice, for the neglected and forgotten essays and trifles of his favorite author, with so much success that his well-named volume † is really a fresh production, almost an original contribution to the world, of writings from a pen whose most careless touches are autographs of him who held it, — autographs wherein he signs *himself* that meek, heroic, quaint, and loving self, some mood of which is ever manifest in his word. The table of contents is a bill of fare to a rich entertainment, to be enjoyed none the less because not quite equal to the banquets "of true wit, genuine humor, fine fancy, exquisite pathos," to which crowds have heretofore been invited. The feast is made up of fragments, thrown together in a miscellaneous fashion. But most of the fragments are tidbits, and some of them substantial dishes. To say that here are upwards of four hundred pages of what, as the editor says, will have to most readers the freshness and novelty of manuscripts coined from the whimsical brain and full of the quaint, sweet disposition of "Elia," is to say all that is necessary to commend to attention the results of the faithful gleaning that has completed the handsome American edition of the writings of the most charming of essayists.

The story of Mrs. Keith's life, ‡ — of her character in childhood and orphanage, and of the growing beauty and force of that character as she advanced in years, — of her many trials and disappointments, her struggles after entire self-conquest, and her subsequent devotedness to the work of a Christian missionary, — of her happiness as a wife, and her lamented death in the midst of Christian sympathies and attentions, though far away from home and kindred, — is happily told. The task was a delicate one, and has been performed with affectionate tenderness and conscientious fidelity to the truth. We commend the work to the notice of all who would observe the workings of a strong and active will, guided by an enlightened and tender conscience, or present to the young a picture of singular beauty and force of religious character.

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* Christian Examiner, November, 1860, Art. V.

† Eliana: being the hitherto Uncollected Writings of Charles Lamb. Boston: William Veazie.

‡ Memoir of Mrs. Caroline P. Keith, Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church to China. Edited by her Brother, William C. Tenney. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Christ and his Salvation; in Sermons variously related thereto. By Horace Bushnell. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 456. (See p. 127.)

Lyra Anglicana; or, a Hymnal of Sacred Poetry. Selected from the best English Writers, and arranged after the Order of the Apostles' Creed. By the Rev. George T. Rider. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 288.

The Blade and the Ear; Thoughts for a Young Man. By A. B. Muzzey. Boston: William V. Spencer. 18mo. pp. 233.

Hymns of the Ages. Third Series. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 331. (See p. 128.)

The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living; also,

The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying; by Jeremy Taylor, D. D. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 24mo. (Dark vellum, gilt.)

The Gospel according to Matthew, together with a general Theological and Homiletical Introduction to the New Testament. By John Peter Lange, D. D., Professor of Theology at the University of Bonn. Translated from the Third German Edition, with additions original and selected. By Philip Schaff, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner. 1865. 8vo. Double columns. pp. xxii., 568. ("At once copious, able, agreeable, suggestive, and outrageous, — particularly the last in the American Editor's part." We shall make it the subject of a careful review in March.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, LL.D. Written by Himself. New York: Sheldon and Company. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 653.

History of the Romans under the Empire. By Charles Merivale. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Vols. V., VI. (Faultless in style of publication. These volumes bring the history down to the conquest of Jerusalem by Titus.)

Martin's History of France. The Age of Louis XIV. By Henri Martin. Translated from the Fourth Paris Edition. By Mary L. Booth. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 8vo. pp. 563, 543. (The publishers have done their part admirably, in presenting these handsome volumes to the public. Of the author and translator we shall reserve a full judgment till a future number.)

Queens of Song; being Memoirs of some of the most celebrated Female Vocalists who have performed on the Lyric Stage from the earliest Days of the Opera to the present Time; to which is added a Chronological List of all the Operas that have been performed in Europe. By Ellen Creathorne Clayton. With Portraits. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo.

History of New England. By John Gorham Palfrey. Vol. III. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 8vo. pp. 648. (To be reviewed.)

A Tribute to Thomas Starr King. By Richard Frothingham. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 247.

Cousin Alice; a Memoir of Alice B. Haven. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 392.

POETRY.

Tragedies; to which are added a few Sonnets and Verses. By T. N. Talfourd. Boston: Crosby and Ainsworth. 24mo. pp. 268.

Enoch Arden, &c. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 32mo. pp. 128. (Blue and Gold.)

The Poetical Works of Thomas Gray. With a Memoir. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 32mo. pp. 146. (Green and Gold.)

Real and Ideal. By John W. Montclair. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. 12mo. pp. 119.

Cabiro; a Poem. By George H. Calvert. Cantos III. and IV. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 16mo. pp. 87. (Cantos I. and II. were published in 1840.)

Essays, Historical and Biographical, Political, Social, Literary, and Scientific. By Hugh Miller. Edited, with a Preface, by Peter Bayne. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 501.

The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. Revised and Enlarged Edition. With a Memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge. New York: W. J. Widdleton. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 432, 430. (An extremely elegant edition. See Christian Examiner for November, 1864.)

Lyra Americana; or, Verses of Praise and Faith from American Poets. Selected and Arranged by Rev. George T. Rider. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 295.

Shakespeare's Sonnets. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 160.

Young America; a Poem. By Fitz Greene Halleck. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo. pp. 49.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Familiar Letters from Europe. By Cornelius Conway Felton. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 392. (See p. 146.)

Arizona and Sonora; the Geography, History, and Resources of the Silver Region of North America. By Sylvester Mowry. Third Edition. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 251.

Overland Explorations in Liberia, Northern Asia, and the great Amoor River Country. By Major Perry McD. Collins. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 467.

Arctic Researches and Life among the Esquimaux; being the Narrative of an Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, in the Years 1860, 1861, and 1862. By Charles Francis Hall. With Maps and 100 Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 595.

Treasury of Travel and Adventure, in North and South America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. A Book for Young and Old. 120 Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 456.

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Gypsies of the Danes' Dike; a Story of Hedge-side Life in England, in the Year 1855. By George S. Phillips. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 416.

Twice-Told Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 Vols. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 32mo. (Blue and Gold.)

Under the Ban. (*Le Maudit.*) A Tale of the Nineteenth Century. Translated from the French of M. l'Abbé . . . New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 247. (See Art. IV.)

Wood Cliff. By Harriet B. McKeever. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. 12mo. pp. 464.

John Godfrey's Fortunes, related by Himself. A Story of American Life. By Bayard Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam; Hurd and Houghton. 12mo. pp. 511. (Boston: A. Williams & Co.)

Margaret Denzil's History, annotated by her Husband. New York: Harper and Brothers. (Paper.)

The Perpetual Curate. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 239.

Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan; a Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys. By the Author of the Schönberg-Cotta Family. New York: M. W. Dodd. 12mo. pp. 436.

JUVENILE.

Uncle Nat; or, the Good Time which George and Frank had, Trapping, Fishing, Camping Out, etc. By Alfred Oldfellow. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 224.

The Adventures of Rob Roy. By James Grant, Esq. With Illustrations. Boston: Crosby and Ainsworth. pp. 387.

Life in the Woods; a Boy's Narrative of the Adventures of a Settler's Family in Canada. Edited by John C. Geikie. With Illustrations. Boston: Crosby and Ainsworth. pp. 408.

Winfield the Lawyer's Son; and how he became a Major-General. By Major Penniman. Philadelphia: Ashmead and Evans. pp. 323.

Romantic Belinda; a Book for Girls. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. Boston: Crosby and Ainsworth. pp. 250.

Uncle John's Library. 16mo. 16 vols. (Illustrated.)

Library of Travel and Adventure. 16mo. 3 vols. (Colored illustrations.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Willard Prince. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. pp. 290.

Mother Michel and her Cat. By Emile de la Bédollievre. Translated by Fanny Fuller. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. pp. 104.

Following the Flag. From August, 1861, to November, 1862, with the Army of the Potomac. By "Carleton." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 24mo. pp. 336.

American History. By Jacob Abbott. Illustrated with numerous Maps and Engravings. Vol. VII. War of the Revolution. 24mo. pp. 288;

Walter's Tour in the East. By Daniel C. Eddy. Walter in Constantinople. 24mo. pp. 222. New York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Freaks on the Fells; or, Three Months' Rustication, and Why I did not become a Sailor. By R. M. Ballantyne. With Illustrations. 18mo. pp. 379;

Grace's Visit; or, The Way to cure a Fault. Illustrated. 24mo. pp. 138. Boston: Crosby and Ainsworth.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Forest Pictures in the Adirondacks. By John A. Hows. With Original Poems. By Alfred B. Street. pp. 61.

A Selection of War Lyrics. With Illustrations on Wood by F. O. C. Darley. pp. 32. New York: James G. Gregory. 4to.

Clever Stories of Many Nations. Rendered in Rhyme by John G. Saxe. Illustrated by W. L. Champney. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 192. (See p. 151.)

Golden Leaves from the British Poets;

Golden Leaves from the American Poets; Collected by John W. S. Hows. New York: James G. Gregory. (Selected with skill, and published in an extremely neat and handsome form; vellum gilt.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Religion and Chemistry; or, Proofs of God's Plan in the Atmosphere and its Elements. Ten Lectures delivered at the Brooklyn Institute, Brooklyn,

N. Y., on the Graham Foundation. By Josiah P. Cooke. New York: Charles Scribner. 8vo. pp. 348. (A very handsome volume, full and interesting in its scientific information, and rather obtrusively teleological in its argument; valuable to common readers, and to those who wish to see the latest illustrations of that argument. In style, eloquent and clear.)

A New Atmosphere. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 310.

Sacred and Legendary Art. 2 Vols.; and

Legends of the Monastic Orders. By Mrs. Jameson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 32mo. (Blue and Gold.)

To Be or Not to Be, that is the Question. Boston: Geo. C. Rand and Avery, Printers. 16mo. pp. 47. (A presenting of Hamlet's doubts in the form of a familiar letter.)

Looking towards Sunset; from Sources old and new, original and selected. By L. Maria Child. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 455. (A charming miscellany, in very handsome style of publication.)

The Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 352.

How to get a Farm, and where to find one; showing that Homesteads may be had by those desirous of securing them; with the Public Law on the Subject of Free Homes, and Suggestions for Practical Farmers. By the Author of "Ten Acres Enough." New York: James Miller. 12mo. pp. 345.

The Correlation and Conservatism of Forces; a Series of Expositions, by Prof. Grove, Prof. Helmholtz, Dr. Mayer, Dr. Faraday, Prof. Liebig, and Dr. Carpenter. With an Introduction and brief Biographical Notices of the chief Promoters of the New Views, by Edward L. Youmans. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 438.

Sargent's Standard Series of Readers, Second Series, including First to Fifth Readers. Boston: John L. Shorey. (In some particulars, a clear improvement on the previous course, and on other courses of reading-books we have known, especially in the first and last of the series.)

The Railway Anecdote Book. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. pp. 240.

The American Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events for the year 1863, embracing Political, Civil, Military, and Social Affairs, Public Documents, Biography, Statistics, Commerce, Finance, Literature, Sciences, Agriculture, and Mechanical Industry. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Boston: Dinsmore & Co. 8vo. pp. 865. (We have not space to repeat what we have said before of the merits of this most valuable and useful series. The present volume is, in its various departments, without doubt, the most full, interesting, and authentic history accessible of an eventful year. It still lacks, however, the almost indispensable feature of a *tabular chronicle* of events.)

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University Press:
Welch, Bigelow, and Company,
Cambridge.